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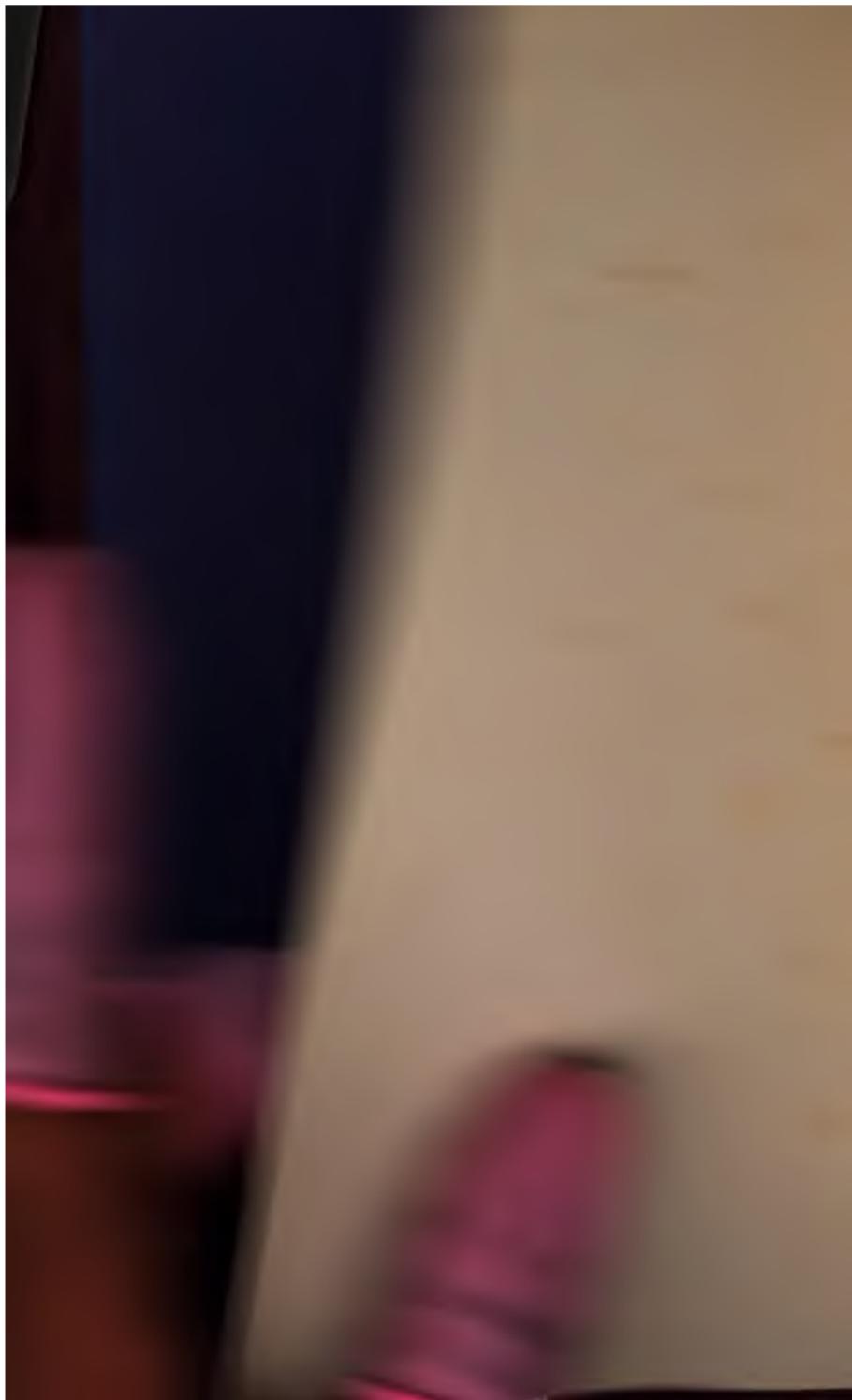
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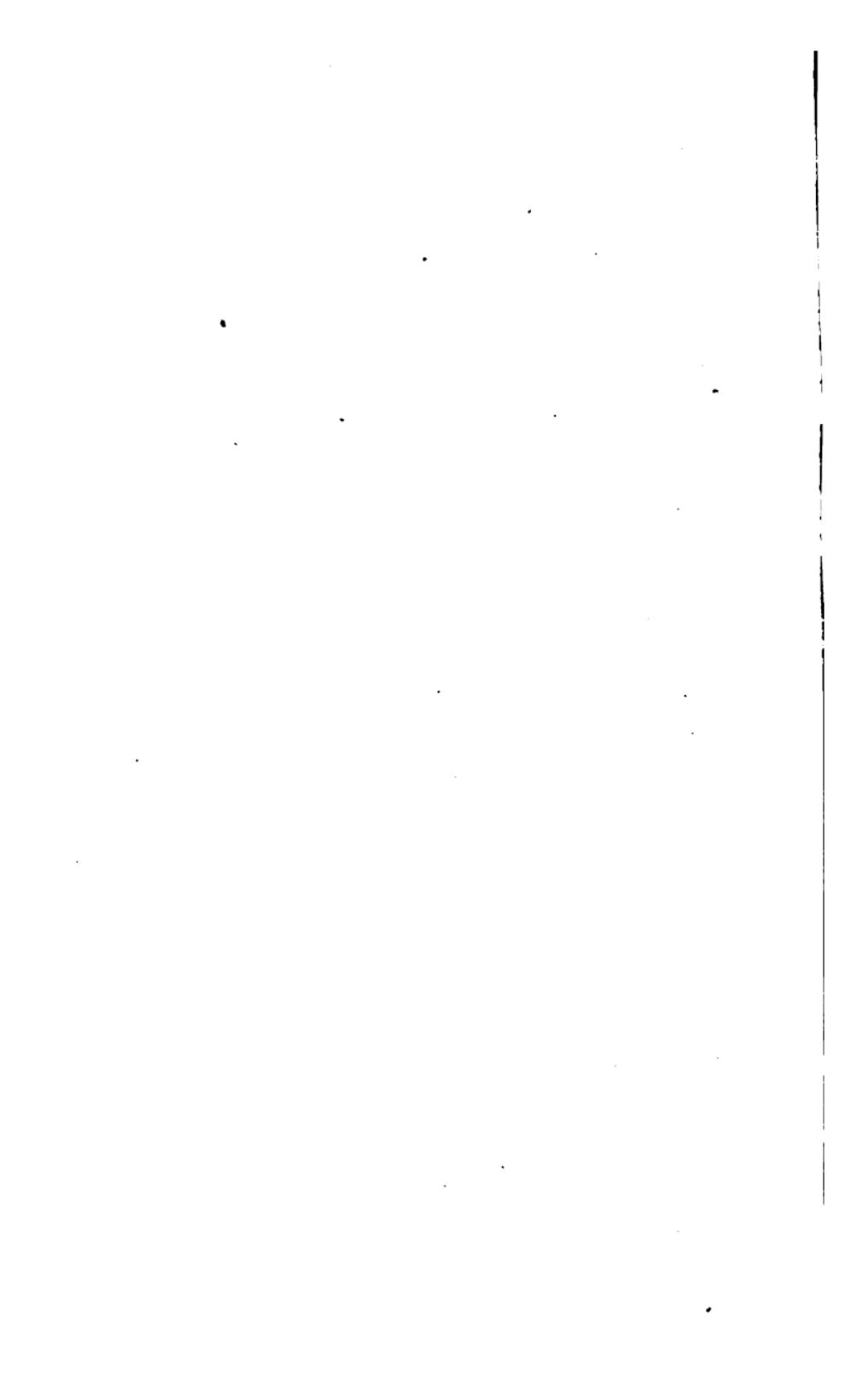
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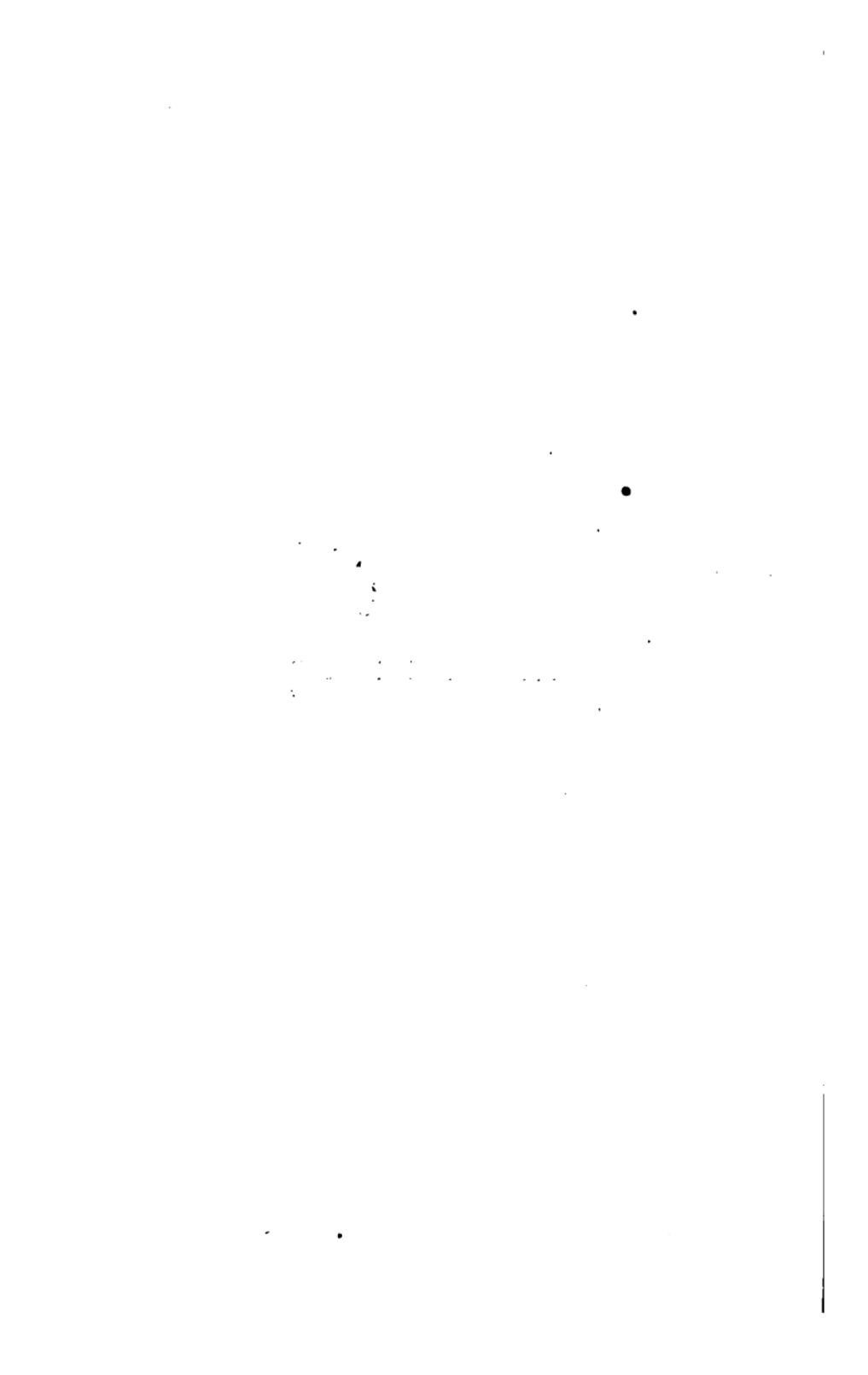
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HARP ECHOES.



HARP ECHOES.



HARP ECHOES.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

BY



JOHN POYER,

AUTHOR OF "ST. THOMAS A BECKET," "ANTI-COLENSO," ETC.

"Tois Ewela."

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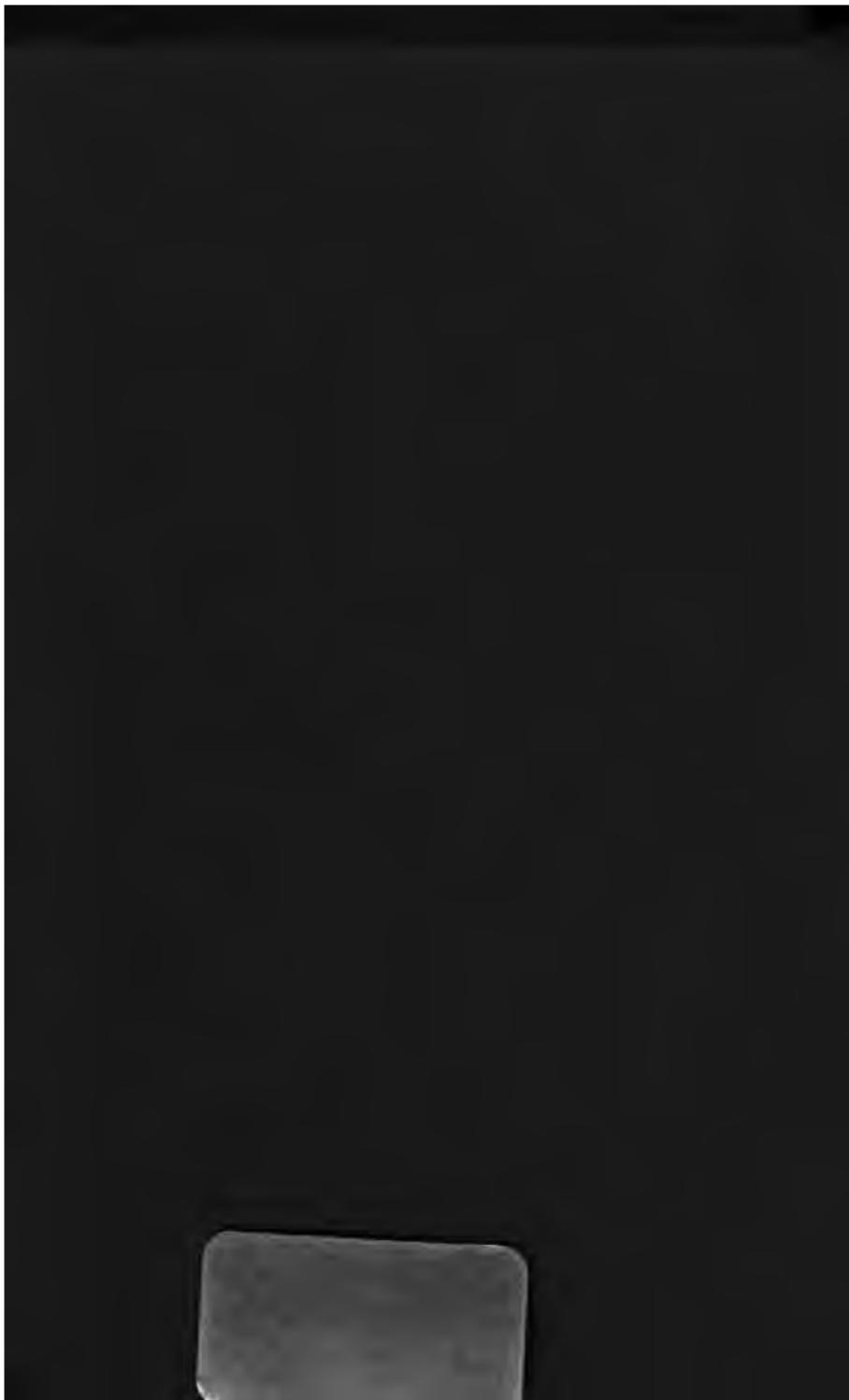
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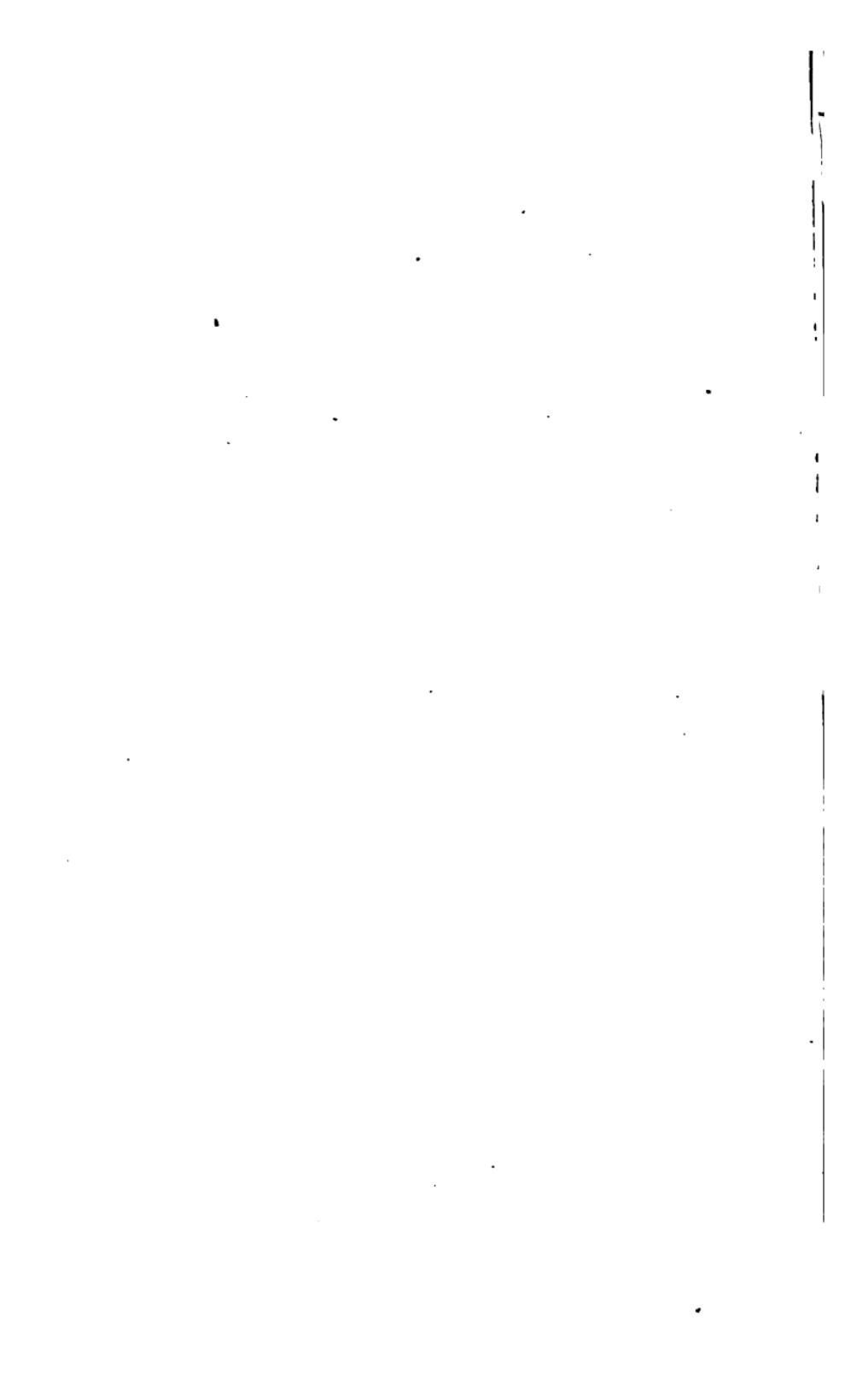
To them who sigh for God in every clime,
And strive by Jacob's stair to reach His throne,
Who soar beyond the turbid flow of time,
And are not straitened by earth's narrow zone :

Who scout the idle pomps which kill the soul,
E'en as a poison drinks the facile life,
And firmly grasp the great Organic Whole,
Nor madly yield to Sense the severing knife :

Who by the stress of Sorrow's holy law
Have scaled the heights where Reason has her seat,
And Faith is seen without or fleck or flaw,
Nor fears or polar cold or torrid heat :







HARP ECHOES.

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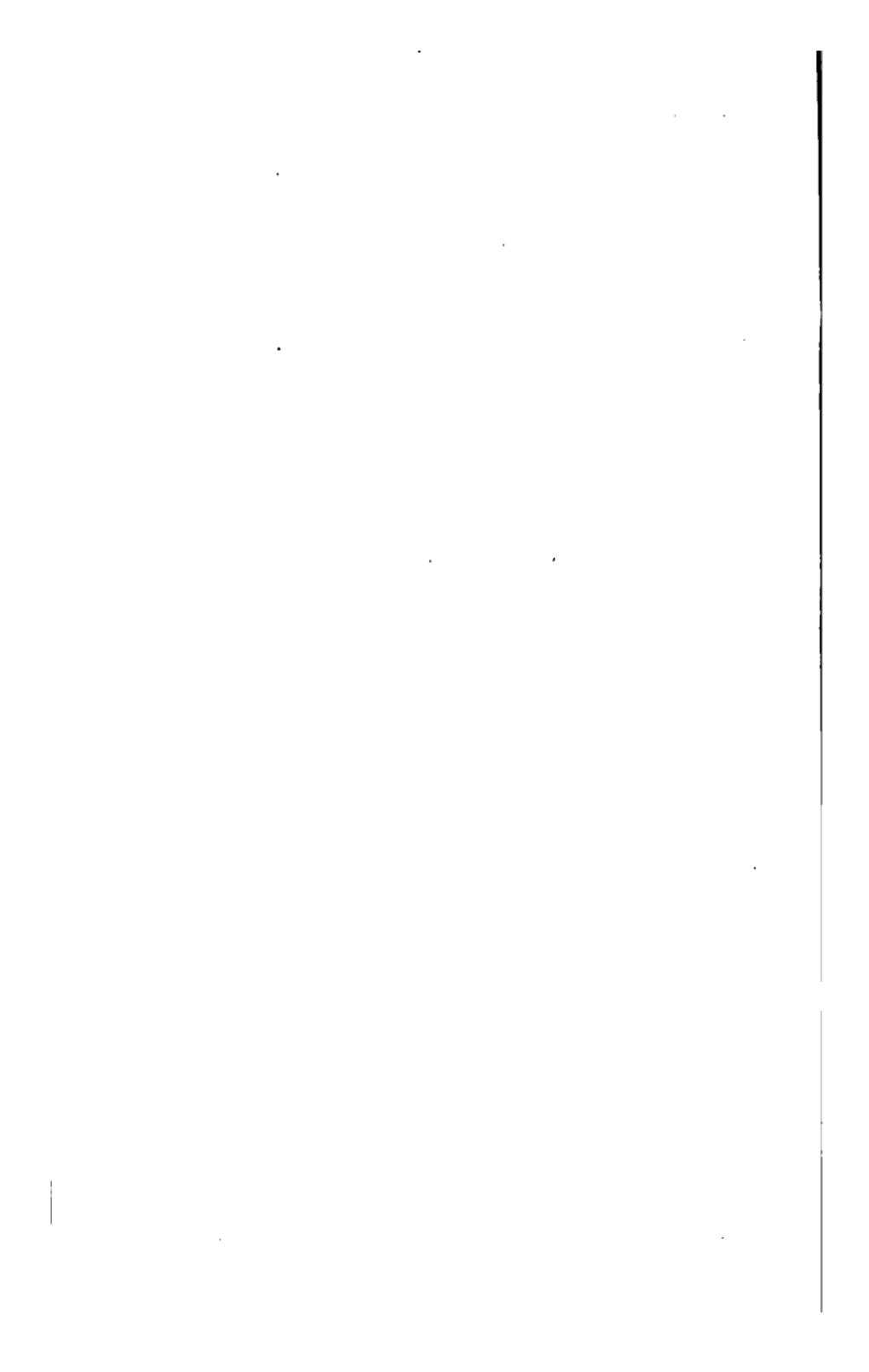
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P R E F A C E.

IT has been frequently observed that the life of a nation is moulded rather by Song than by formal precept, oral or written. “Give me,” says one, “the creation of a people’s ballads, and let who will make their laws.” But if this be so—and we doubt not a profound truth underlies the maxim and explains its utterance—how immensely important is it that such Songs, discharging so high a function, should themselves be pure and elevated in their source, as well as soul-stirring in their strain by the depth and force of their passionate expression.

Consonant with the deep heart of man in his loftier moods and aspirations they surely cannot be, unless they participate in that divine quality of

inspiration by which Art itself is constituted, and without which Painting, or Music, or Poësy are names only, and not powers in the world. One example, and one only, has the world seen, of a grand historic People being formed under the influence of a poetry of the loftiest character+of one which, though lyric as to form in its broken and passionate utterance, often driving as a mountain torrent all before it, is essentially epic in its substance, witnessing as it does to the highest heroism of which our nature is capable ; namely, the transcendent nobleness of self-sacrifice realized by loving service toward our fellows. Nor is it, perhaps, too much to assert that the grandeur and the power of the Hebrew Nation, in the height of their splendid achievement during the reign of their Poet-king, are owing much more to the divine songs which he breathed out in their presence with a depth and fervour never before or since approached, whereby their very souls were pierced as with a two-edged sword, than to the operation

of those statutes and ordinances which formed their written code, and which, being for the most part mystical in their semblance, conveyed not always to their perception that profound ethical truth which was nevertheless really present in the august symbolism.

But the Psalms of David,—these spoke at once to the heart of the People, and operating their mighty movement there—where issue the very springs of life itself, may readily be conceived as the true plastic forces which secretly, but powerfully, wrought to frame and build up in a grand organic unity one of the most magnificent and most wonderful Nations in the world. And who is there that has truly caught the sublime music of their quick and subtle strain, or penetrated to the depth of their unutterable tenderness, their passionate human sympathy, but must confess their ethereal beauty and transcendent power, and acknowledge from the inmost ground of his being, that they rehearse for Man, in all ages and in all

climes, that universal Song to which every soul responds, when, exercised by the discipline of sorrow, its senses are awakened to the realities of the invisible and eternal world !

For our own part we hesitate not to say, in an age when Rationalism is striving to eliminate all that is distinctive and original from these grand Poems, and to assimilate them to strains of quite another kind, as though they stood upon the ordinary level of universal human attainment, that they are intrinsically differenced from all other Songs that were ever sung in the past, or are likely to be sung while the world endures.

Is the Song of Homer, for example, to be brought into competition for a single moment with the Psalm of David ? What, then, is the Homeric strain ? Is it not that of the primitive reed, giving forth, indeed, a genuine music, but the music of a child sporting in the early morning of the world, with those aspects of life which are pleasing and tolerable only to Man as he is natural, and not

spiritual,— as having his soul open to Nature chiefly on its sensuous side, with the grander and deeper life of the intellect waiting to supervene when the visions of childhood should be left behind? The wrath of Achilles is divine only as conceived from the Pagan stand-point, and as measured by the standards apprehended by man when ethical nobleness is apt to be confounded with mere self-assertion, if only the demonstration be accompanied with some emphatic instances of rude courage and inflexible tenacity. Let any one, however, of adequate Christian experience and culture apply here the analysis which is proper to the age of spiritual manhood, and this same wrath is perceived to be divine only in quite a secondary sense; and, but for the euphonious and harmonic verses in which its apotheosis is assigned, would long ago have ceased to have any charm at all, except for savage and untutored minds.

But passing *per saltum* to modern times, shall it be said, as it is said, that the poetry of our own

Shakespeare or Milton may legitimately be compared with that of the sweet Singer of Israel? We trow not. Without denying that, in a certain qualified sense, our great national poets may be properly accredited with the divine afflatus as the soul and life of their poetic movement, we yet must maintain that their strains, though lofty and far-reaching, are not the same with that which the Royal Minstrel hath bequeathed to endless ages. Shakespeare, although with many subtle intuitions of the profounder life of the purely intellectual realm, has drawn his inspiration and constructed his dramatic evolution out of the political life of cities, and bent the whole force of his wonderful genius to give to us in a series of pictures the expression mainly of our primary or natural humanity, as conditioned by the complexities of an inversive social organization; but he certainly has not uniformly struck the chord which vibrates to the deeper utterance of the harp of David. In truth, it is not music, properly so called, but rather

a skilful rhetoric, which interests us in our great dramatist. Rhythmic natural action, articulately expressed, rather than rich unearthly music stirring the inner depths of the spirit, is the distinctive character of the Shakespearian discoursing,—an action reposing, indeed, upon a speculative basis, itself largely and broadly ethical, yet wanting in that spiritual depth and intensity which are apprehensible only in the higher and maturer stages of Christian growth and knowledge. Thus, we think, the strain of Shakespeare, though wide in its scope, and noble and lofty in its aim, comes very far short of that presented in the Psalms of David, and ought not to be brought into competition with it.

Is then the Miltonic poetry more akin to that of David, so as to justify the Rationalistic critics in claiming for it an inspiration identical with that characteristic of the Hebrew melodies? Some might be disposed to consider, from the sublimity of the theme which Milton selected for his Muse, that there is at any rate a nearer approximation in him

to the Davidic strain than is found elsewhere. But is it really so, we ask? Milton is no doubt lofty, but he is cold and austere in his loftiness;—a rigid Calvinism held his soul in bonds, and in his great poem, with all its intellectual effort, he has left unsung the deeper utterances of the soul's affections. His imagery too is largely materialistic, and only too classic in its main features, so that even when rehearsing the story of the world's great tragedy, he fails to excite anything more than a kind of intellectual awe and dread in the contemplation of an abstract action of mythic personages, when he might and should have stirred our souls to their immortal depths of tenderness and sympathy by a living representation under emotional conditions of the actual concrete reality. The strain of Milton we take to be far other than that of David, and not worthy to be named in comparison with it.

The strain of David! ah, if we could but take hold of its music, we should be in no danger of

confounding it with any lower utterance—Miltonic or any other; but rising upon the wings of its divine harmony, we should find ourselves translated into the very Paradise of God, and notwithstanding that we are as to our feet the denizens of Earth, should consciously feel and know that in our souls we were already admitted to the fellowship of Angels. But the strain is high—how can it be attained? We have often privately thought that our English version of the strain must fall very far below that of the Hebrew original, and now under our breath we venture to say as much in the ears of the world. Can there be the same force and fervour here as there? Is there anything here of the passionate and vehement utterance which must have broken forth in the stillness of the night, from the surging soul of the Poet-king, as he struck with inspired hands the throbbing chords of his harp of gold, and strove with lyric ardour to articulate the great and holy name of Love? A conviction that the strain of David is susceptible

of a more genuinely poetic treatment, and that it ought to be rendered in accordance with the music which is its very life and substance, and whereby only the heart is stirred to its profounder depths, has led us, in the songs here given to the lovers of song, to essay what we may perhaps without presumption designate—a rehearsal of those grand old Hebrew melodies, or rather of some of them conceived as really springing forth with music, and continued and conserved by the same great enchanter.

What we proposed to ourselves was to give back to the Psalms the music which our translators have withheld. Thus we had to reconcile liberty with law. Our poetic movement as such should be free as the winds, universal as the air ; yet must it too be subservient in its scope and method to the sacred text before us. This was by no means a facile achievement. How far we may have succeeded in the effort, we leave to cultured and candid critics to determine.

The songs we have selected are presented under three heads or categories, as illustrating to our thought the attributes which constitute the trinity of the Godhead, and find their counterpart and reflective image in every human soul. To these songs, thirty-three in number, and which we have called "Harp Echoes," we have subjoined nine other songs, entitled "Symphonies," previously sung, but not heard. We have on our title-page defined the verses as "Songs in the Night," not as intending to suggest any relation of them to the night of time, but as affiliating them in their source and evolution to that evening twilight of the soul, induced by sorrow in which, bereft of all earthly consolation and support, her powers are directed upon the higher aspirations of the Christian and immortal life.

That they may prove an occasion of joy and strength to many souls, in whom the battle of life is deepening in an age that is rapidly drawing to its close, in order to the inauguration of a more

spiritual kingdom, and a diviner sovereignty, is the earnest desire of him who now offers them on the altar of his deepest and best affections to his fellows.

Their music, doubtless, is very imperfect, and the strain which is sought to be articulately expressed by their melodies will often be found to falter in its utterance ; but it must be remembered they claim to be no more than “echoes” of a lostier and diviner music, than the singer of the songs could possibly take upon his soul, and are designed rather to evoke and stimulate the love of sacred poetry in its highest and purest form, than to aim at satisfying the claims of lyrical harmony, as conceived in its ideal excellence, whether as to artistic finish, or a passionate spontaneity and irresistible gush of emotional feeling.

But the Songs, if not as perfect as Art could desire, are at least the offspring of a genuine devotion, and reflect the moods and convey the language of no feigned passion. The harp of David hath sounded

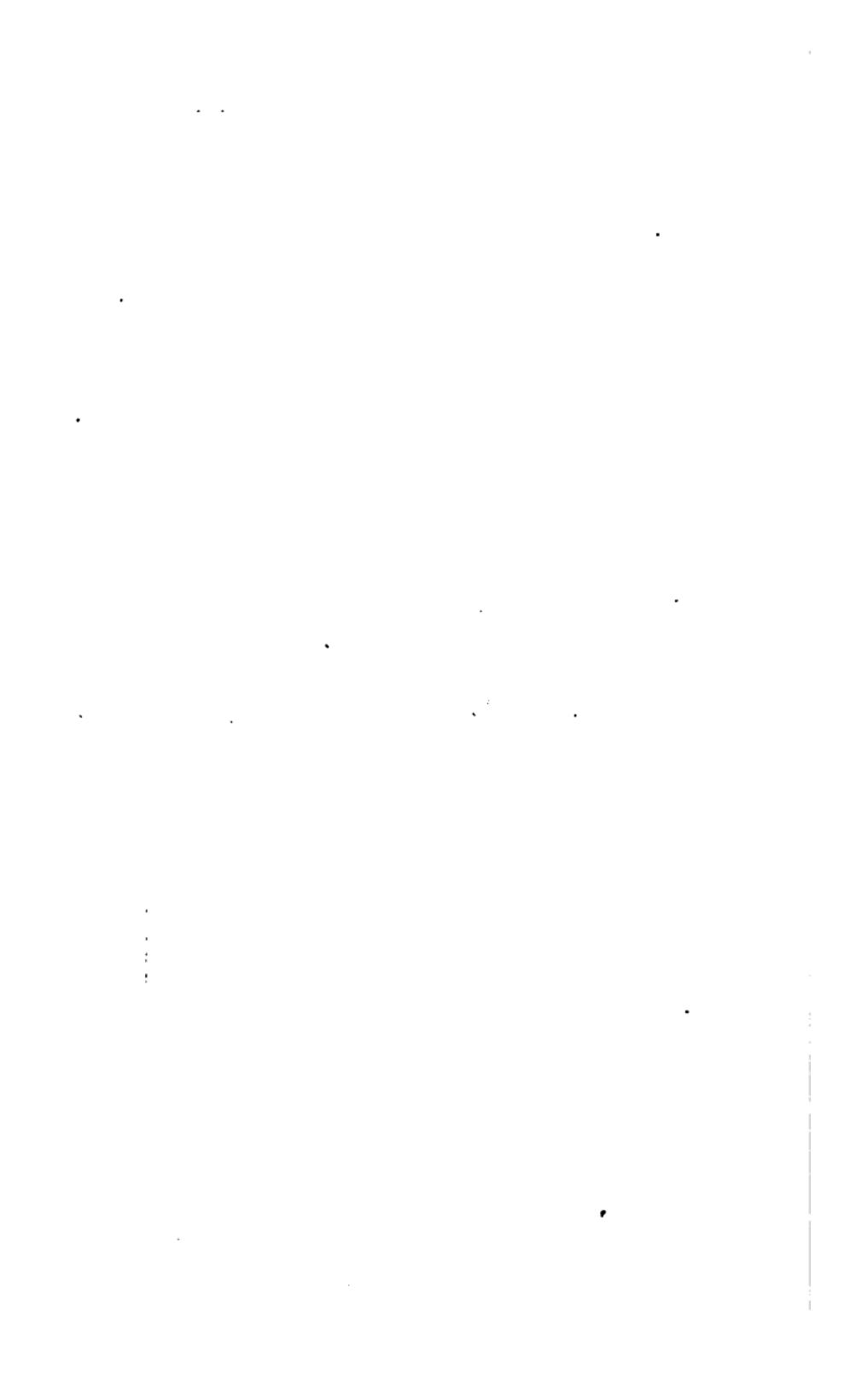
with mystic sweetness and power in our inner ear, and our soul has been ravished with the depth and intensity of the unearthly music ; and could we do other than strive to give back, though with tremulous hand and shrinking courage, something of a strain so ineffably glorious, so full of sustained majesty, and so consonant to the yearnings of the spirit for its sweet tenderness and broad human sympathy. The harp is waiting to body forth its music in echoing strains of joy and love, and fain could we desire that it may find some listening ears that may not be utterly indifferent to the sublime rehearsal here essayed to be delivered.

LONDON,

October 7, 1867.

I.

DE LUCE.



LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE STROPHE.

WRITE, bless'd is he, the Spirit saith, to-day,
Who walketh not as godless men foreshow,
Nor stands with them who hate Love's holy way,
Nor sitteth there where Scorn is all aglow.

But all his joy is ever in the law,
Which sweet and pure descends from heavenly
springs,
And showeth fair, without or fleck or flaw,
And murmureth to the soul divinest things.

In this, as in a chrystral sea, he dwells,
While all his thought is fed with radiant light ;
And nourished is, as from ten thousand wells,
In hum of day or stillness of the night.

Like, also, to a tree to waters near,
Its roots that lave as swift and strong they flow ;
That crowneth with its fruit each golden year ;
By scorching heat unhurt, or chilling snow ;

His leaf and flower shall never know decay,
Though frost or drought may check the springing
life,
But all he doth shall prosper in the way,
And bear him on where is nor sin nor strife.

THE ANTI-STROPHE.

THE godless are not so, the Spirit cries ;
No standing-place have they in all the sphere,
But as the driven chaff that swiftly flies
When comes the stormy wind on wings of fear ;

So do they pass from sight and are not found,
So perish they nor leave their name behind ;
In idle pomp they walk'd and curs'd the ground,
And now forgotten are in realms of mind ;

And, therefore, when the Judgment hath its place,
And show the righteous one organic fold,
And Joy doth fashion each uplifted face,
And Glory wraps them as with flaming gold ;

These come not near that bright and burning Mount,
For with the righteous have they no accord,
Eternal things they deem'd of no account,
But proud, withheld allegiance from their Lord ;

And so in outer darkness are they bound,
As following the path which ends in Night ;
While they who sought to Love, by Love are found,
And with Him dwell for aye in realms of Light.

THE IDEAL CITIZEN.

Who dwelleth, Lord, with Thee when time is fled,
And pomps that please the Sense are found no more ?
How shall the soul arise from out the dead,
And pass where Angels tread the golden floor ?

Thy tent of flowing light I see afar,
O'er golden hills it stretcheth up the dome ;
How shall my feet attain that radiant Star,
How reach the place where only is my home ?

Who walketh firm and sure before high day,
And swerves not to the breeze that fitteth by,
But all his acts are wrought by Truth's pure ray,
And all his aspect calm unclouded sky.

Who in his secret heart loves Right, alone,
And has no thought that seeks his brother's ill ;
Who hears no word with rancour in the tone,
But scorns the lying lips of Envy's will.

Who loathes the vile and mean with utmost hate,
As those who drag the human in the dust ;
And honoureth him alone as good and great
Whose life is crown'd with wisdom of the just.

And if his word is gone that carries loss,
The loss sustains with calm and steadfast mind,
As one whose love will glory in the Cross,
And is not hinder'd by an adverse wind.

And if he yield his wealth to aid the poor,
Of increase hath no thought, but joys in love ;
And if he judge, no bribe may touch his door,
For sees he hovering near the mystic Dove.

Such is the man who dwelleth, Lord, with Thee,
And cannot movèd be though empires fail ;
He climbs the steep of them who are the free,
Nor is he stayed by Cherub's fiery wall.

VANITAS VANITATIS.

THE fool hath said, tho' not with conscious thought,
" No God I know or see, below, above ;"
For in his soul the deathless sign is wrought,
And witness shown of Him whose name is Love.

Corrupt are they who thus their birth deny,
And have they broke the law of Truth and Right,
The love of God is blotted from their sky,
And therefore are they blinded with the Night.

God from His holy heaven look'd on the Earth,
And inly search'd the dwellers on the plain ;
But saw He none who own'd high Wisdom's birth,
For all were slaves to filthy lucre's gain.

Gone back are they from pure and holy Love,
And with this grovelling lust are filthy made ;
No thought responsive to the mystic Dove
Illumeth them who thus their life degrade.

These evil workers have they nothing known,
That thus My people they consume as bread ?
As suppliants have they not invoked My throne,
But all their words are voices of the dead.

And so their coward souls succumb'd to fear
When yet no outward cause of fear arose ;
For God hath swept his bones from off their bier,
Who from his camp had threaten'd them with
blows.

Thus hast Thou swiftly put Thy foes to shame,
Whom God despises soon forgotten lie ;
They feign'd they knew nor saw His glorious Name,
So hideth He behind a darken'd sky.

O Isræl, would that thy great hour had come,
When thou from Zion shalt salvation see ;
When God His weary captives bringeth home,
Then thou with Jacob shalt be glad and free.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

O God, my God, ere dawns the light of day,
My soul shall seek the beamings of Thy smile,
Thirsts it as one who treads a desert way,
And water cannot find each weary mile.

In this dry place my flesh for Thee doth long
Thy glory and Thy power to see once more,
E'en as when these were mine exultant song,
And Thy loved temple open'd its golden door.

So then, O Lord, because Thy loving grace
Is better far than life unshared by Thee,
With tuneful lips I'll haste to seek Thy face,
And at Thy footstool humbly bend the knee.

Thus ever will I bless Thee while I live,
And to Thy name my hands shall lifted be,
As givest Thou to Thee myself I'll give,
And with the gift become more strong and free.

When in the stilly night, the world withdrawn,
My willing soul is rapt from things of Time,
I'll meditate on Thee till springs the dawn,
And strain mine ear to catch the Seraph's chime.

So bless'd my soul shall rich enjoyment find,
As he whose sense is fill'd with daintiest fare,
And will I praise Thee with a joyful mind,
And steadfast cleave to Thee by love and prayer.

•

And seeing Thou my help hast been afore,
When Hell's dark hosts surged in upon my soul,
In Thy o'ershadowing wings for evermore
I'll joyful trust, though storms of sorrows roll.

With utmost stress of will, oft turn'd aside,
My struggling soul doth follow in Thy way ;
Yet Thy right hand doth keep me to Thy side,
And riseth in the night Thy star of day.

But they, my foes, who seek my life to slay,
Within the earth shall sink—to earth akin,
The sword shall smite them in their proud array,
And foxes eat the flesh allied to sin.

But shall the king, oh God, rejoice in Thee,
With all whose word is bound to Truth and Right ;
While they who lying love, as chaff shall be,
Their words shall cease before the morning light.

THE SOUL'S HIDING-PLACE.

WHO dwelleth, Lord, within Thy loving heart—
That secret place where only joy is known—
Doth rest secure from every hostile dart :
Thy wings o'ershadow him from zone to zone.

Of Him the Lord I will exultant say,
“ He is my refuge and my hidden tower,
My God who leads me in a perfect way,”
On His strong arm I’ll lean from hour to hour.

•

Surely, oh Child of faith, who’rt weak in trust,
He from the fowler’s snare shall set thee free ;
Nor shall thy flesh be mingled with the dust
When pestilence invadeth land or sea.

As with the feathers of the gentle dove
Thee shall He cover when the plague is near,
And 'neath His wings thou'l trust and learn His
love,
His truth shall shield thee aye from every fear.

Nor shalt thou movèd be by dread of night,
When is this mortal sickness deadliest found,
Nor fear the arrow when it dares the light,
And Death doth thickly cover all the ground.

Ah, no, thou shalt not fear this deadly ill,
That in the darkness walks as in its place ;
Or if at noon it wastes but doth not kill,
This, too, shall not disturb thy steadfast face.

A thousand at thy side shall swiftly fall,
Ten thousand at thy strong right hand shall lie ;
But thou art guarded by a fiery wall,
For thee no poison lurketh in the sky.

But only with thine eyes shalt thou behold
And see the wicked for their vices slain ;
For thou upon the Lord hast taken hold,
And now art safely housed as golden grain.

So therefore shall not evil thee befall,
Nor any plague approach where thou dost dwell ;
But angel guards shall watch thee at His call,
And all thy ways shall of His praises tell.

They shall upbear thee with their ghostly hands,
So that thou fall not in life's stony ways :
The lion thou shalt trample in the sands,
The adder drive before thee all the days.

The Child in love hath to his Father clung,
So therefore will I save him evermore ;
Yea, I will raise him where My praise is sung,
Because My Name is aye his cherish'd lore.

What time he calls Mine ear observes his cry,
And will I set him free in sorrow's hour ;
Long life shall crown him 'neath an azure sky,
Salvation find him when dark tempests lour.

PRAISE.

PRAISE waits for Thee, oh God, on Zion's hill ;
To Thee shall every soul sweet offering make,
Oh Thou, who hearest prayer with loving will,
With love of Thee shall all the world awake.

And though through weakness of the tempted flesh
Our sins have bound us in dim Sorrow's hour,
Yet Thou from chaff Thy precious wheat shalt
thresh,
And, fan in hand, shalt cleanse Thy cumber'd floor.

And blest indeed is he whom Thou dost choose,
And drawest to Thy feet Thy courts within,
Who kept by Thee doth ne'er their fragrance lose,
But resteth there as in sweet home akin.

For there in righteous judgment art Thou known,
And dost Thou strength afford all mixed with fear,
Oh Thou, the hope of all from zone to zone,
On sea afar, or home and kindred near.

Who by Thy strength dost hold the hills in rest,
And calmest all the roaring of the sea ;
And when the People move in stormy west
Dost still them with an inward melody.

The tokens of Thy power are known afar,
And fear of Thee is waken'd all around ;
Thou risest sweet and fair the Morning Star,
And glory of the gentle eve art found.

The parchèd earth with rain dost Thou revive,
And with Thy dew doth keep it rich and fair,
And causest Thou the golden corn to thrive,
When temper'd sweetly is the nurturing air.

For Thou it is who doth the water pour
On all the ridges of the glebe upturn'd,
And softenest Thou the soil with cooling shower
When hath the scorching sun too hotly burn'd.

So dost Thou bless the springing of the grain,
And all the fruitful year with goodness crown,
And do Thy paths drop fatness on the plain,
And from the wild take all its dreary frown.

And do the hills rejoice because of Thee,
While bleating flocks the smiling pastures grace,
And corn-fill'd valleys dance with sportive glee
And all things own the beauty of Thy Face.

AN INVOCATION TO PRAISE.

In faith exultant, Lord, we come to Thee,
With rapturous joy the Rock of Ages seek,
By love constrained we inly bend the knee,
Resurgent strong from dreamy bands of sleep.

With kindling hearts and swelling breasts we come,
And glowing thanks that vocal body crave ;
With sounding psalms we wake the arching dome,
Uprising aye on Music's lightsome wave.

With swelling song we come, for God is great,
Than earthly kings more high and kinglier far ;
Above the heavens He holdeth sovereign state,
There shineth evermore the Morning Star.

In His strong hand the depths of earth repose,
The giant hills upon His bosom rest ;
The sea is His, and at His word arose,
The earth His power displayed from east to west.

Then let us come and bow before His feet,
Yea let us kneel in lowliest homage there ;
For as our sovereign Lord He holds His seat,
Yet meets us evermore in song and prayer.

For as His people doth He feed our souls,
With manna from the skies He feeds His sheep,
For them by day the cloudy pillar rolls,
At night it fiery shows athwart the deep.

So then to-day, oh heart of Man, awake,
The Spirit calls to thee adown the steep ;
To-day arise, and for sweet Love's own sake,
That voice obey and rouse thee from thy sleep.

To-day the Spirit cries if thou wilt hear,
And wilt not harden'd be as they afore,
Who in the wilds for love gave abject fear,
And clos'd upon them Mercy's golden door.

Not as the fathers in that howling waste,
Who proved those forty years My power and aim ;
Yet darkly failed My love and grace to taste,
Nor knew me as I am, though told My Name.

No, not as those avert your thought and hope,
Who grieved Me by their blind and grovelling will ;
And drew upon themselves a galling yoke,
When yet as sons invoked to Zion's hill.

Unskill'd in love they miss'd the heavenly way,
And wandered long and far within the wild ;
Nor could I ope the sunny gate of day,
And show the Father to such wayward child.

But thou, oh heart of Man, arise and cry,
To-day the Spirit calls thee to thy place;
With spreading wings Love keepeth all the sky,
And glory gleameth on thee from His face.

ASPIRATION.

As pants the hart when doth the Dog-star burn,
In water-brooks to cool his fever'd tongue,
E'en so my thirsting soul to God doth turn,
And crieth out for Him with anguish wrung.

For hath my soul with bitter tears been fed,
Both day and night when hath Thy face been hid ;
While mocking ask my foes where I am led,
And where art Thou, my God, and why I'm chid.

But doth sweet Memory yield again the times
When festal clad unto Thine house I went,
And joyful voices blent with Music's chimes,
And wingèd praises up the azure sent.

And calling thus to mind these hallow'd hours,
My soul is pourèd out from deep to deep ;
Nor can I roam the fields and cull the flowers,
Nor taste as then the sweets of balmy sleep.

Yet why, my fainting soul, art thou cast down,
Why troubled thus are all thine inner springs ?
The face which seemeth now to wear a frown,
Shall shine again—and shalt thou mount on wings.

But is my soul, oh God, cast down to-night,
Nor hath it power to rise and touch Thy feet ;
Yet shall great Jordan pass before my sight,
And Mizar's hill,—for is their memory sweet.

Deep calleth unto deep within my soul,
As roll Thy waves, oh God, with awful roar ;
And all is drear and dark from pole to pole,
And am I stricken down, I cannot soar.

Yet, Lord, art Thou for aye a loving Lord,
And wilt Thou crown the day once more with love,
And give me in the night a lyric word,
And lift me up in prayer to Thee above?

So will I search, oh God, and inly know
Why Thou dost hide when most my foes do rage;
And all my bones are rent with grief and woe,
I'll learn of Thee why they this war do wage.

Why then, oh soul, thus vexed and torn to-day,
Because they mocking say, where's now thy God?
Thou yet to Him shalt raise the tuneful lay,
And shall He soothe thee with His staff and rod.

AN EVENING HYMN.

WHEN sorrow dims the mirror of my soul,
As shadows deepen with the failing light,
And faintly gleams afar the starry goal,
And Silence holds me with the spell of night.

Ah, then to hills deep loved I'll lift mine eyes,
From whence sweet peace hath come in days long
flown ;
There Faith shall mark the temple of the skies,
And will I bend me low before the throne.

From Him who hung and holds this vaulted scroll,
Far glancing swift, with Beauty's awful mien,
Shall angel minstrels come and touch my soul,
And to dark Hades hurl this misty screen.

Here shall my soul strong comfort find for aye,
Adown these heavenly mountains flies the Dove ;
My feet no more shall dread the thorny way,
For cometh He with messages of love.

Who Israel guards when storms of battle lour,
Nor needs to slumber with His toiling ward,
Shall keep thee, stricken low in Sorrow's hour,
And soothe thee, too, with highest songs of bard.

The sun shall strike thee not with scorching ray
As hasteth thou at noon athwart the plain,
Nor sickly moons cut off thy striving way,
As sailest thou upon the lonesome main.

For he whom God defends no evil knows,
But Love o'ershadows him with golden wings ;
'Mid torrid heats of soul, or arctic snows,
He walks with vision fixed on heavenly things.

In all thy goings thou, who'rt strong in love,
Art watch'd and fed, though seeming oft alone ;
Where comest thou—afore thee flies the Dove—
List thou, and note His sweet and tender tone.

BY BABEL'S STREAM.

WHERE Babel's murky waters sluggish flow,
'Twixt oozy banks with dreary willows dim,
There sat we down and drain'd the cup of woe—
For ever gone the festive dance and hymn.

There as we yearning sought dread Zion's hill,
We wept to think how had the glory fled ;
Refused our harps with Music's life to thrill,
And on the willows hung as things long dead.

Yet they who bore us to that darksome place,
And seized our very life as common prey,
Would bid us now with laughter deck the face,
And breathe forth song, as though it still were day.

But may the captive sing when joy is slain
The songs which erst in Zion found their springs ?
Alas ! he cannot catch again the strain,
Till tastes his soul anew its heav'nly things.

If, oh Jerusalem, thou great and free,
My soul forget thy beauteous form and mien,
Let my right hand no more its cunning see,
When it would sweep the strings, where it hath been.

If thee I love not still, thou City fair,
Far, far above the joys which sense may yield,
My tongue shall mute become to song or prayer,
Nor voice shall find in all the starry field.

And, Lord, remember Edom, that he said,
When we were captive borne in haste away,
" Raze ye its towers, and give it to the dead,
And let it no more see the light of day."

Oh Babel's daughters, soon to pass from sight
And bar no more the mystic path of life,
High placed is he in judgment's searching light,
Who to thy falsehood gives the severing knife.

High placed and with serenest glory crown'd
Is he who stems of deadly life the flow,
When not as yet to madden'd Reason bound,
Nor heated with dark Passion's lurid glow.

A SONG OF MEDITATION.

THOU searchest, Lord, mine inmost sense and
thought,
And knowest Thou my will ere yet it flows ;
In Thy deep love my web of life is wrought,
With Thy sweet radiance all its vesture glows.

Know'st Thou my times of conflict and of rest,
Thy glance takes in afar mine hidden springs ;
My light art Thou when sinking in the west,
To thee I soar anew, on Eagle's wings.

My path, while boundless as the starry dome,
At every step is fixed an ordered way ;
And am I with Thee, as a child at home,
Drawn sweetly onward to the realm of Day.

My word Thou judgest in its secret place,
Ere yet for man to vocal body bound ;
Behind—before—shows clear Thine awful Face,
Thou art of all that is—the beauteous ground.

Such knowledge, Lord, thus pure, and vast, and
high,

How doth it pass my puny might to find !
Yet notest Thou the yearning of the sigh,
That fain would greet Thee in the deep of mind.

The deep of mind—ah, whither shall I go
If that I would escape Thy piercing eyne ?
The highest heavens all with Thy presence glow,
And Hades darkly knows Thy boundless sign.

If with the light I fly where Morning springs,
And note its rising from the Eastern sea,
Or sea or light but of Thy presence sings—
And must I join the hymn with bended knee.

If in my weak and foolish thought I said,
" Yet shall the darkness hide me from His sight ;"
The veil Thou liftest both from heart and head,
Thy glory passeth through the gloom of night.

The darkness and the light, oh Lord, are Thine,
And both Thy goings show as is their hour ;
Their ceaseless ebb and flow, but make the sign,
How Thou art hiding 'neath their seeming power.

Possessed'st Thou my reins athwart the night,
When in the realm of sleep my soul was bound,
And didst Thou cover me deep hid from sight,
Ere at Thy call I leapt from out the ground.

So will I praise Thy power, for it is great ;
In wonder and in fear my birth upsprung ;
My life is fed from Beauty's chrystral gate,
While to my soul Thine harmony is sung.

From Thee, oh Lord, I could not hidden be,
Though, as a feeble germ, I took my way ;
When inly wrought as in the depths of sea,
Thy semblance show'd—till grew the perfect day.

Thou sawest me ere yet my frame was knit,
And in Thy book were all my members known ;
In that fair scroll was every feature writ,
Though spakest Thou but in an undertone.

How precious, Lord, and high the thoughts of Thee !
How fill they all my soul and overflow !
More countless than the sands that bound the sea,
They gentle are—as summer winds that blow.

Asleep—awake—with Thee alone I dwell,
Though would my foes a barrier raise between :
But backward roll, ye darkening tides of Hell,
And from my Love withdraw your vengeful screen.

Against the Lord the wicked darkly speak,
The holy name of Love they take in vain ;
And rises up my soul with bounding leap,
The lie to hold—or, better, change the strain.

For can I other do than hate a lie ?
Must I not turn from them who scoff at Love ?
I hate them thus who darken all the sky,
Yet fain would raise their grovelling souls above.

Then search me, oh my God, and know mine heart,
Try me and prove mine inmost thought for aye,
Nor leave me till I've chose the better part,
And breaks upon my soul th' Eternal Day.

DE PROFUNDIS.

FROM inmost depths of soul with passion rent,
Pale Anguish seeks, oh Lord, Thy gracious ear ;
Send help to-day as Thou afore hast sent,
And heal my grief, and make my vision clear.

Lord, hear my voice, for must I die unheard—
E'en now I faint and sink beneath the wave ;
List Thou, I say, Thou strong immortal Word,
And as Thou lovest stretch Thine hand and save.

If Thou, oh Lord, with keen, relentless hate,
Should'st mark, as some dare say, the sin of man ;
Then should he own indeed an iron fate—
His life should e'en be less than is a span.

But Thou art Love—and knowest well our frame,
And by sweet mercy keepest Thou our fear ;
E'en this alone is Thine eternal Name,
And so by faith we boldly come anear.

Anear to Thy great heart we come and wait,
Afore Thy feet we come and bend the knee ;
Nor wilt Thou bar us with a kingly state,
For Thou art Love,—and Love is great and free.

So waits my soul, sweet Lord, in hope for Thee—
In this deep anguish waiteth it to-day ;
Come, stand Thou with me on this stormy sea,
And show again where hides th' Immortal way.

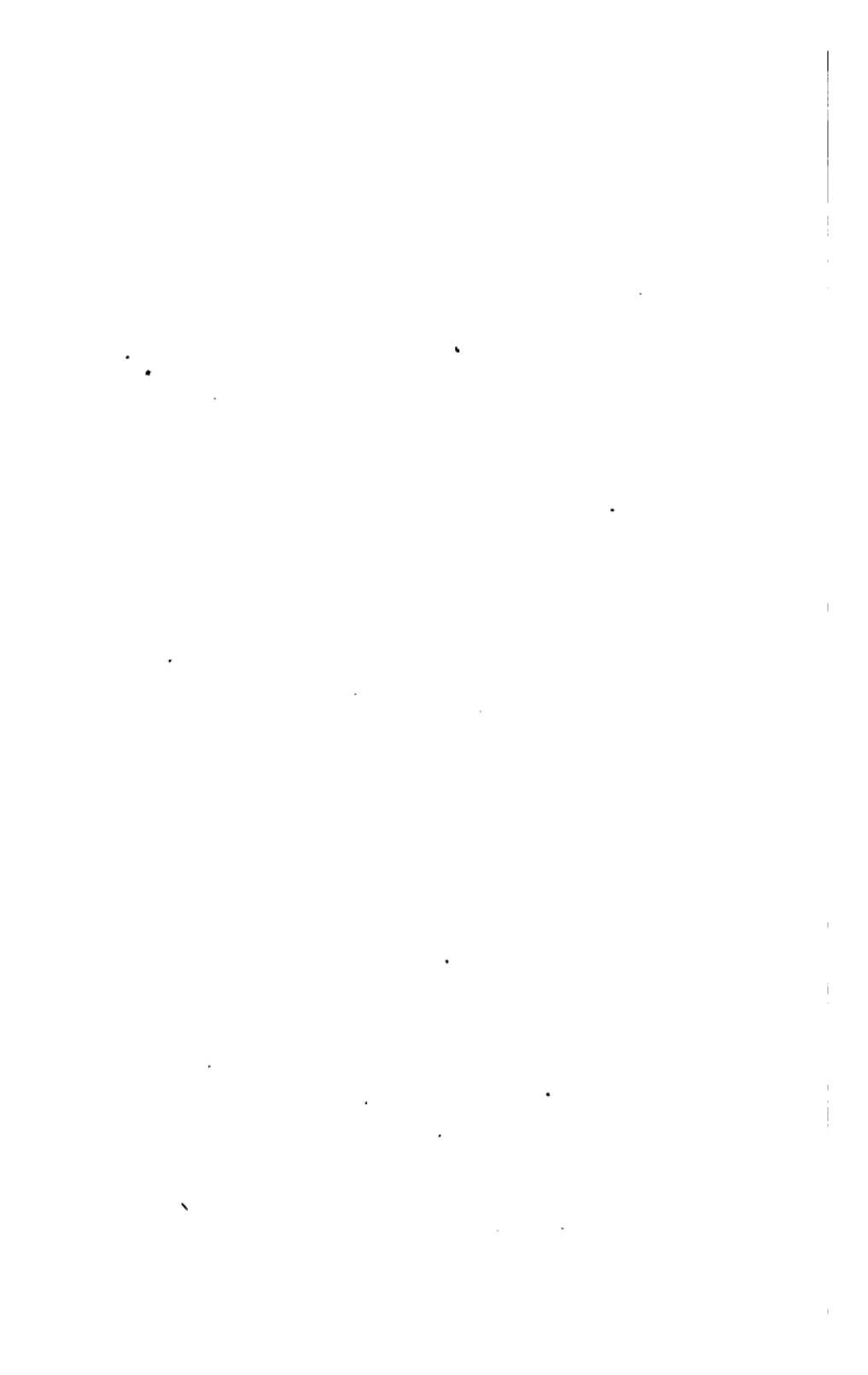
For Thee, dread Lord, I hope and watch and pray,
More keenly far than they who wait the dawn ;
Straineth mine eye afar to catch Thy ray,
As inly yearns my soul to Thee updrawn.

Far more than they who watch for morning light,
When some great battle waits the lingering sun ;
Far more am I impatient with the night,
That hinders thus the course my soul would run.

Oh Israel, pierced with many swords, hope on,
For is thy Lord omnipotent in love ;
From many deaths He saves thee one by one,
As by them doth He lift thy soul above.

II.

DE AMORE.



THE OLD HUNDREDTH.

Oh Love, awake, and tune thy lips to song,
And rouse the Nations with thy kindling breath,
And make them one with God's angelic throng,
Triumphant in their joy o'er hell and death.

Rise up, oh Love, and gird the earth around,
And with ten thousand voices greet thy Lord ;
With psalms and hymns of sweet mellifluous sound
Proclaim the joy of Music's deep accord.

So shalt thou know the Lord is God alone,
Who in great love our being form'd and holds ;
How feedeth He His sheep in every zone,
And cherisheth as one His many folds.

Great heart of Love, awake and shout with joy,
His glorious temple gates throw open wide ;
For art thou aye the young immortal Boy,
And He who form'd thee holds thee to His side.

With glowing thanks, oh Love, and swelling praise,
From countless souls emerging strong and free,
On lyric wings do thou thyself upraise,
And shout thy joy aloud o'er land and sea.

For this high Lord of thine is good and sweet,
And mercy keeps from immemorial time ;
From age to age His truth upholds thy feet,
And soon will bear thee to a fairer clime.

NOMEN EXCELSIOR.

THY Name, oh Lord, in all the earth how fair,
Exceeding far the sense of clouded eyes ;
Thy glory loveth not this murky air,
But shineth sweet and calm athwart the skies.

From guileless lips of babes Thou bringest might—
The little child alone Thy kingdom owns ;
Thus conquerest Thou Thy foes by gentle light,
And hurlest into dust usurping thrones.

When in the depths of thought Thy heavens I view,
As in the starry night they boundless show,
And all within me wonders whence they grew,
And how their splendours keep for aye aglow ;

Then is my soul amazed with mighty awe,
That he who gazes should attract Thine eye ;
That Thou should'st guide him by Thy golden law,
And come Thyself to save him—from the sky.

For man, oh Lord, Thou'st made with wondrous
skill,
The higher might of angels scarce withheld ;
With honour crown'd him, and a sovereign will—
And life immortal—passion only quell'd.

And in Thy grace Thou madest him a king,
With sceptre vast and high as was Thy hand ;
Thou puttest all things 'neath his sheltering wing—
His mighty word was law by sea and land.

For him the sheep and oxen filled the plain,
Not subject less the beasts that roam'd the wild ;
Fowls of the air, fish of the sounding main,
All own'd his empire then—when yet a child.

Yea, Lord, Thy Name in all the earth is sweet,
Exceeding far our mortal taste to know ;
Put swiftness in our bruis'd and weary feet,
To follow where its praises kindlier grow.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

FORGIVENESS, Lord, how bless'd and sweet a grace
To him who knows the bitterness of sin ;
With glory doth it light his stricken face,
And comforteth the soul that mourns within.

For bless'd indeed is he forgiven by Thee,
Whose evil Thou no longer wilt behold,
But in Thy love doth sweetly make him free,
And with the guileless, place him in Thy fold.

But, Lord, when silence seal'd my struggling soul,
And would not let me tell my grief to Thee,
My frame dissolved as age that's reach'd its goal,
My cryings slew me as a wither'd tree.

For day and night I felt Thy chast'ning hand,
And was my soul as summer without dew,
Till filial utterance loosed me from the band,
And told Thee how my sin and sorrow grew.

My sin I told e'en the forbidden way,
And kept I nothing back, but said "I grieve";
Thou gavest me again the light of day,
While cried my soul "I love Thee and believe."

For this Thy faithfulness, oh heart of Love,
Shall saintly men desire and seek Thy face,—
Thou in the deeps wilt hold them from above,
The crested waves shall yield before Thy grace.

Yea, Thou their covert art when storms are near,
And wilt Thou chase the tempest far away,
Sweet songs of joy Thou'l^t give in place of fear,
And from the storm-cloud smile with gentle ray.

And so Thy Spirit saith, our hope to stay,
And guard our feet when passing through the sea,
“E'en I will lead and teach thee in the way,
And with mine eye will guide thee unto me.”

Be not thou as the horse with bridle bound,
That only dimly sees his master's will,
And so is circumscribed in narrow ground,
And no discernment hath of good from ill.

For know, oh man, to them who evil choose,
The gates of sorrow ever open stand,
Woes leave them not who proffer'd good refuse,
And coldly turn them from the blessing hand.

Be glad, thou righteous, then, for joy is thine,
Rejoice thou in the Lord, for 'tis thy part,
With swelling gladness drink the golden wine,
And shout for very joy, thou pure in heart.

A SONG OF MERCY.

BLESS'D, saith the Spirit, is that gentle soul,
Who in his love the poor considereth well ;
His name is writ in Heaven's immortal scroll,
And of his worth undying ages tell.

Him shall the Lord regard when troubles rise,
His house defend and save his soul alive ;
In blessing shall he dwell 'neath azure skies,
Unhurt by them whose hates his ill contrive.

To him the Lord will secret strength impart,
What time he languisheth on beds of pain ;
Then will the Lord reveal His loving heart,
And in the sickness give sweet joys again.

For in the rise of pain my soul arose,
And pleaded, Lord, with Thee for health once more ;
And said, " My sins have brought these righteous
woes,
Yet heal my soul and ope Thy golden door.

" My foes speak evil of me evermore,
And envy me the common light of day ;
And ask when shall he vanish from this shore,
When shall his name no more impede our way ?

" And if one comes as if to greet me led,
His words are friendly only in the sound ;
For evil groweth in his heart and head,
And gone abroad he spreads it all around.

" All those who hate me thus together meet,
And whisper subtle things which mean my harm ;
They follow me with dark and stealthy feet,
And by their voices raise a dim alarm.

“ A sore disease, say they, doth hold him bound,
And from this sickness will he rise no more ;
Yea, one among them is in concert found
Who ne'er had joined their evil will afore.

“ Yes, one who my familiar friend had been,
And on whose breast I lean'd by love allied,
Who ate my bread—from whom I had no screen,
Hath took the lie and torn him from my side.”

But Thou, sweet Lord, in mercy raise me up,
That so by judgment I may prove their hate ;
Thus shall I know Thou blessest still my cup,
Because they hold me not with chains of fate.

And truly, Lord, by an unbroken will,
Hast Thou upheld me in this darksome night,
And strengthened thus my love can know no ill,
But dost Thou set me in Thy glorious light.

So therefore doth my soul exult and cry,
Oh bless'd be Israel's God and Lord for aye ;
In every time, 'neath every archèd sky,
Amen, amen, bless'd is Thy perfect way.

HEAVENLY TABERNACLES.

FIRST STROPHE.

THY tabernacles, Lord, how sweet they are
On heavenly mountains shining in the light!
Attracting him who gazes from afar,
And solace yielding in lone sorrow's night.

Longeth, oh Lord, my soul their courts to tread,
Yea, fainteth all mine heart their peace to feel ;
While cries my flesh to Thee as one long dead,
To meet me there, and every sickness heal.

The sparrow, Lord, hath found a house to hold,
The swallow, too, a nest to rear her young ;
These both thine altars take within their fold,
For them Thy beauteous curtains Thou hast hung.

Oh bless'd alone are they who worship there,
And dwell beneath its roof as in their home ;
Sweet praise they mingle evermore with prayer,
While far away Thy yearning exiles roam.

SECOND STROPHE.

Bless'd is the man, yea richly bless'd indeed,
Whose strength is deeply laid, oh God, in Thee ;
And in whose heart are found the ways which lead,
Where they who love Thee Thy salvation see.

Who passing through lone Baca's thirsty vale,
As to Thy tents they haste with burning zeal,
Drink the sweet life which morning dews exhale,
And well-springs leave for all who dryness feel.

E'en so from strength to strength these athlete pass,
In Zion each appears before the Lord,
While fails my parchèd soul as withered grass,
Yet hear my prayer, and save me by Thy word.

THIRD STROPHE.

Yes, hear me, God of Jacob, hear my cry,
Behold, oh Thou, who art Thy people's shield,
Upon Thy chosen look, who to Thee fly,
As having in themselves no power to wield.

For in Thy courts a day is sweeter far
Than thousands spent without Thy quickening
breath ;
I'd rather keep the gates Thy house which bar,
Than dwell in tents where only lurketh death.

For God the Lord, I say, is sun and shield,
And grace and glory gives to them who pray ;
His goodness filleth all the earthly field
For them who upright walk in light of day.

Oh Lord of hosts, strong clad in glittering mail,
Bless'd is the man that trusteth in Thy might ;
He standeth firm though crowns and sceptres fail,
And sees the day-star rise athwart the night.

A WAR-SONG OF KING DAVID.

My heart, oh Lord, is kindled by Thy breath,
And fain in love's sweet altar fire would rise ;
My faith is fixed, I've burst the bands of death,
My glory burns to meet Thee in the skies.

Leap forth, my lyre, and thou, mine harp, awake,
High Music bears my soul to spheres of light ;
Cry out, and with your thrilling voices break
The sleep that steeps the soul in quenchless night.

My glory wake, and girded be with might
The praises of my Lord to waft abroad ;
And thou, my sword, for Him stern battle fight,
Till victory shall crown dread Love's award.

Tell out, ye golden strings, your inmost joy,
Tell how His mercy fills the starry dome;
How, as a rock, His truth without alloy
The base doth hold of this our earthly home.

Yea, be Thou throned, oh God, in every soul,
Let Thine high glory sound in all the world;
Far, far beyond the Pleiads' mystic pole
Let holy Love's fair banner be unfurled.

Be throned, oh Love, and Thy dread Empire keep,
And save the king who only rests on Thee ;
By music hast thou tranced him in the deep,
And with Thy trumpet shalt Thou set him free.

Spreads out afore my thought the kingdom shown,
When Thou didst clothe me first with robes of
state ;
But have I strength not found to grasp the zone,
And fix in glorious deeds the scroll of fate.

But Thou hast said, and what Thou say'st doth
hold,

And am I strong become by music's might ;
And so will Shechem drive from out Thy fold,
And darksome Succoth rend by stress of fight.

Fair Gilead, too, is mine—Manasseh mine—
Nor may swift Jordan bar them from my hold ;
From Ephräim I pour strong sparkling wine,
While Judah gives my law as flowing gold.

By Möab is mine armour kept from stain ;
O'er Edom will I shortly cast my shoe ;
Philistia, thou shalt lie among the slain,
Now that my soul is strong to dare and do.

Proud Edom, stern upon his rocky height,
Defiance hurls with keen relentless hate ;
But God shall gird me in the hour of fight—
My hosts shall swiftly storm the frowning gate.

From Hell's dark anguish, Lord, oh set me free,
For man no help may bring where strives the soul ;
But Thou art highest strength and minstrelsy—
Give Thou the conqueror's wine in flowing bowl.

THE EXILES' RETURN.

WHEN erst by haughty Babel's turbid stream
Thy trumpet sounded "Exiles, come ye home!"
Our souls but took the notes as they who dream,
Till mingled too the voice, "No longer roam."

Ah, then, when felt the weary wandering done,
And Zion's holy mountain met our ken,
A joyous laughter in our faces shone,
Our harps their deepest music found again.

The heathen, too, who long had held us bound,
Thy goings, Lord, perceived and own'd Thy power;
Knew that Thou spakest in that trumpet's sound—
That Thou alone disposest man and hour.

And truly, Lord, it is as they confess,
Great things have followed where Thy power hath
led ;

Extolled are they whom Thou wilt own and bless,
Where Anguish strove e'en there was Glory fed.

So turn, sweet Lord, our lingering shame away,
Thy trumpet hath no more a doubtful strain ;
As southern streams reflect the solar ray,
So let the life of joy be ours again.

Who sow in tears in unfamiliar lands,
As captives driven from their fathers' seats,
Shall golden harvests reap with quicken'd hands
When Winter yields to Summer's genial heats.

Who goeth forth to sow and weeping goes,
If but the seed he bears is golden grain,
Shall come again e'en as a river flows,
Sheaf-laden joyous to the boundless main.

THE JOY OF PRAISE.

FROM heavenly hills, oh saints, praise ye the Lord,
All heights be vocal with His holy Name ;
Ye angels magnify the blessed Word,
Ye mailèd hosts proclaim aloud His fame.

Praise Him, strong sun, and thou, fair pallid moon,
And ye far-glancing mystic stars of light ;
Praise Him, ye Heavens, athwart this earthly noon,
Ye waters flowing clear beyond the night.

Yea, let them praise His glorious Name for aye,
For at His word they came from depths unknown ;
He spake, and so they took their ordered way,
Onflowing still with sweet mellifluous tone.

Ye dragons, too, extol Him in the deep ;
Thou sea with many voices, praise His might ;
Fire, hail, and snow, and creeping vapours leap,
And sighing winds sing praises all the night.

Ye mountains and all hills confess His power ;
Fruit-bearing trees and cedars own His care ;
Beasts and all cattle joy ye in His hour,
Ye creeping things and all ye fowls of air,

Kings of the earth, too, know your rightful King.
And ye, oh people, rally to His Name ;
Princes and judges seek His fostering wing,
And tell aloud His praise with glad acclaim.

Young men rejoicing in your new-found might,
Fair maidens radiant with high Beauty's dower,
Old men who soon must pass from earthly sight,
Sweet children showing yet the Seraph's power ;

Let these for aye extol this glorious Name,
For it alone is fair afore the day ;
Its beauty shone ere earth or heaven became,
And doth it still illume our mortal clay.

Exalteth He their horn who love His reign,
And honour puts on them who seek His face :
Strong Israel walks secure the billowy main,
And lustre sheds on all the tragic race.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

THE kingly Christ my Shepherd is for aye,
What needs my restful soul when He is near?
In pastures green He feeds me all the day,
And by the stilly waters charms mine ear.

When wounded is my soul with sin and shame,
And deep in sorrow's darksome sea I move ;
Oh then I hear the music of His Name,
Oh then once more I taste His righteous love.

Nor will I know or gloomy doubt or fear,
Though through the shadowy vale of death I walk ;
For Thou, dear Christ, art with me all the year,
And on Thy staff I lean and hear Thee talk.

And when as though, sweet Love, Thou wert afar,
My foes with sweep of flood burst on my soul ;
Thou bearest me on high from star to star,
And all is song and feast from pole to pole.

For with the soft and mystic oil of love
Thou dost afore them all mine head anoint ;
And from Thy golden cup in Heaven above
Thou pourest joy through every weary joint.

And knoweth well my soul, dear bounteous Lord,
Thy grace and love shall dwell with me for aye ;
And in the glorious temple of Thy Word,
All sweetly shall I spend immortal day.

THE DIVINE ESPOUSALS.

My soul to Vision's beauteous field is borne,
A subtle fire hath kindled all my frame ;
Ye sorrow-stricken rise, no longer mourn,
Behold I sing to you the Immortal Name.

Celestial good, sweet inmost child of Love,
Doth yearn to show where gleams its radiant star ;
While joy is sounding in the courts above,
As doth it hasten onwards from afar.

Oh Star of morn, and art Thou truly near,
Oh King of Saints, and dost Thou inly show ;
Then lift ye up the gates in all the sphere,
Ye sorrow-stricken cease ye from your woe.

Fain would my song the mighty Conqueror tell,
As do the circling ages bring His hour ;
For doth mine heart with highest rapture swell,
Though grief and care the mortal flesh devour.

The King of kings my soul beholds Him there,
Majestic sweet transfigured in the light ;
And heart and speech go forth in song and prayer,
For come no more the hidings of the night.

Oh fair and sweet art Thou, dread King of mind,
Oh wonder men Thy beauty have not seen ;
For is Thy going soft as summer wind,
While glory traileth far adown the sheen.

Yes, fair Thou art beyond the sons of clay,
And from Thy lips grace droppeth as the dew ;
So Thine it is to bring eternal day,
Since Thou alone art sweet and strong and true.

So art Thou blessed for aye though hidden long,
Thy saints impatient wait Thy promised reign ;
They fain would wear the bridal garbs of song,
And with Thy martyrs rise from out the slain.

So gird Thy sword upon Thee, mighty King,
Come forth from out Thy secret hiding-place ;
In strength appear with sound of rushing wing,
With might and awe proceeding from Thy face.

Conquering and to conquer come Thee down,
With mighty hosts arrayed in glittering mail ;
For Truth and Right do form Thy kingly crown,
And Meekness yearns to cry “ All hail ! all hail ! ”

So ride Thou all abroad from pole to pole,
Victorious evermore through all the sphere ;
And mightiest conquests make in every soul,
And lead apace Thine everlasting year.

And shall Thy right hand show exceeding might,
Thine arrows sharp will pierce both flesh and bone ;
The hellish kingdoms fly before Thy light,
For shows in all the field Thy burning throne.

Thy throne, oh Christ, alone endureth long,
While earthly kingdoms fail as fades the flower ;
Thy sceptre owns the vast angelic throng,
Since right it brings with every flying hour.

For Right and Truth alone Thine heart delight,
And hatest Thou the pomps which make a lie ;
And therefore art Thou girded to the fight,
And comest Thou as Judge adown the sky.

Yea, Righteousness Thou art and this alone,
And so art rightly chosen King of men ;
And Love shall gird Thee with his golden zone,
No longer hid—all eyes shall see Thee then.

And even now Thy fragrance fills the air,
Though feeble sense is weak Thy sweet to know,
And little notes the myrrh and cassia fair
Wherewith Thy radiant garments are aglow.

Kings' daughters, too, though not of earthly mould,
With beaming joy Thy glorious march attend ;
In love they serve Thee chiefest in Thy fold,
And follow close where'er Thy footsteps wend.

From ivory palaces most wondrous fair
In rapt delight they hasten to Thy side,
And one, their queen, who kindles all the air,
In golden splendours heads them as they glide.

At Thy right hand she showeth calm and sweet,
As wearing many thousand lives in one ;
She yearns to stoop and kiss Thy blessed feet,
While Thou wilt raise her to Thy kingly throne.

THE JOY OF PRAISE.

FROM heavenly hills, oh saints, praise ye the Lord,
All heights be vocal with His holy Name ;
Ye angels magnify the blessed Word,
Ye mailèd hosts proclaim aloud His fame.

Praise Him, strong sun, and thou, fair pallid moon,
And ye far-glancing mystic stars of light ;
Praise Him, ye Heavens, athwart this earthly noon,
Ye waters flowing clear beyond the night.

Yea, let them praise His glorious Name for aye,
For at His word they came from depths unknown ;
He spake, and so they took their ordered way,
Onflowing still with sweet mellifluous tone.

Ye dragons, too, extol Him in the deep ;
Thou sea with many voices, praise His might ;
Fire, hail, and snow, and creeping vapours leap,
And sighing winds sing praises all the night.

Ye mountains and all hills confess His power ;
Fruit-bearing trees and cedars own His care ;
Beasts and all cattle joy ye in His hour,
Ye creeping things and all ye fowls of air,

Kings of the earth, too, know your rightful King,
And ye, oh people, rally to His Name ;
Princes and judges seek His fostering wing,
And tell aloud His praise with glad acclaim.

Young men rejoicing in your new-found might,
Fair maidens radiant with high Beauty's dower,
Old men who soon must pass from earthly sight,
Sweet children showing yet the Seraph's power ;

Let these for aye extol this glorious Name,
For it alone is fair afore the day ;
Its beauty shone ere earth or heaven became,
And doth it still illume our mortal clay.

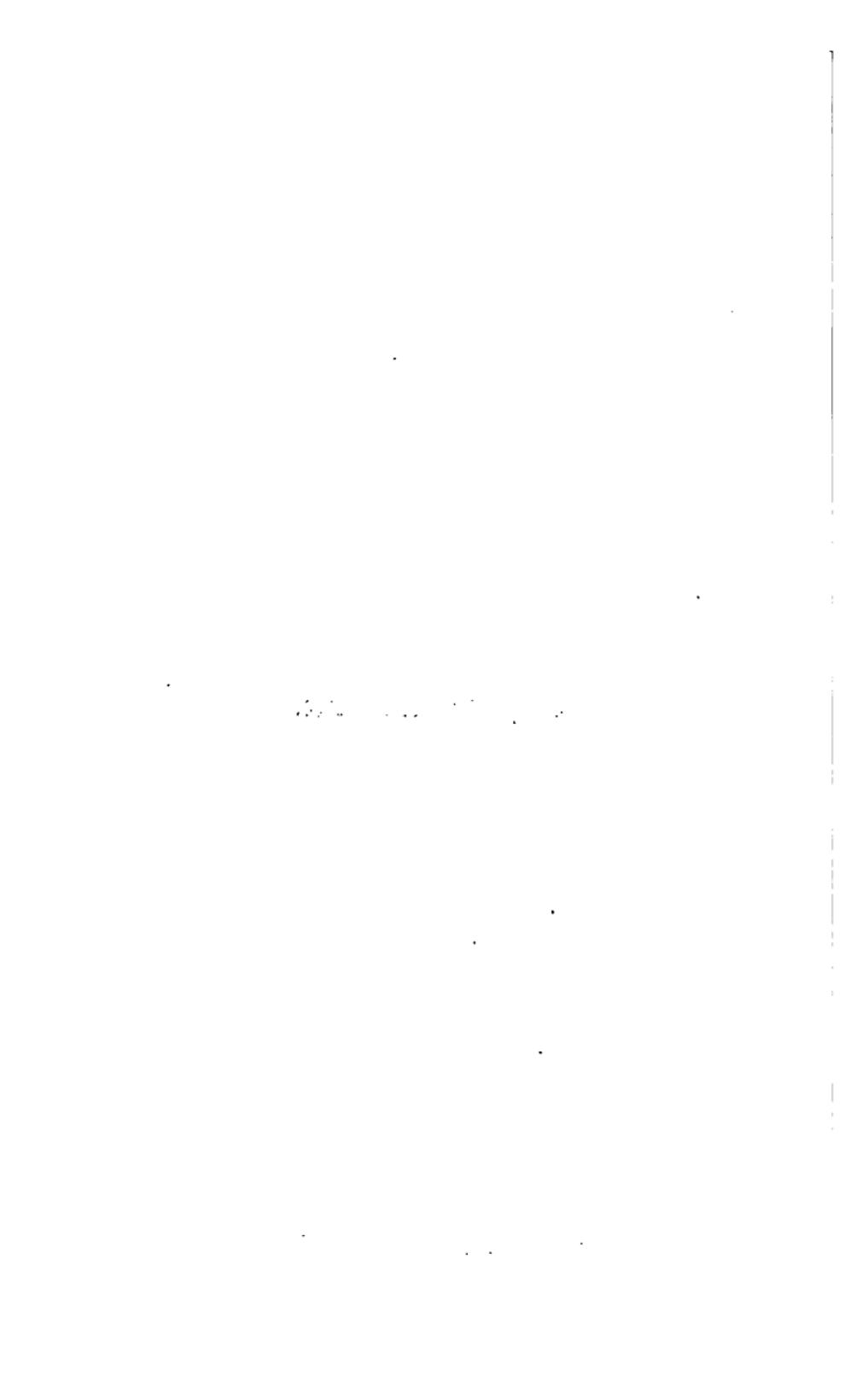
Exalteth He their horn who love His reign,
And honour puts on them who seek His face :
Strong Israel walks secure the billowy main,
And lustre sheds on all the tragic race.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

THE kingly Christ my Shepherd is for aye,
What needs my restful soul when He is near?
In pastures green He feeds me all the day,
And by the stilly waters charms mine ear.

When wounded is my soul with sin and shame,
And deep in sorrow's darksome sea I move ;
Oh then I hear the music of His Name,
Oh then once more I taste His righteous love.

Nor will I know or gloomy doubt or fear,
Though through the shadowy vale of death I walk ;
For Thou, dear Christ, art with me all the year,
And on Thy staff I lean and hear Thee talk.



THE OUTER AND INNER HEAVENS.

THE starry heavens, oh Lord, Thy glory show,
As in the stilly night they gleam afar ;
Nor less the aërial deeps as calm they flow,
Aloud proclaim how high Thy counsels are.

The golden day sends forth a joyous tone,
As doth it swiftly fly athwart the world !
And night by Cynthia led from zone to zone,
A stately march reveals with flags unfurled.

Nor is there speech of man in all the earth,
That does not echo back their notes of joy ;
But Music there first had its heavenly birth,
When came they forth as gold without alloy.

Their glory stretcheth far from pole to pole,
Now bright and strong, now swift and calm by turn ;
While is their beauty felt by every soul,
Their mystic power confessed in words that burn.

In this fair dome the sun is set by Thee,
With power to rule an empire broad and deep ;
Here walks with choral odes and motion free,
E'en as a bridegroom who his joy will keep.

As one girt up with might a race to run,
Who hastes the goal to touch while yet afar ;
So sweeps his course in rapid circle won,
While nothing hideth from this burning star.

And as the sun exulteth thus in might,
And in fair Nature's sphere doth empire hold ;
E'en so, oh Lord, Thy law is strength and light,
And a calm beauty hath by speech untold.

A pure and heavenly stream it melts the soul,
And kindles all the thought to love divine,
And bears the life to that far-reaching goal,
Where givest Thou Thy saints the living wine.

A witness doth it bear unbroken aye
That Thou alone art good whose name is Love ;
Thus doth it lead the simple in the way,
And wisdom give with meekness of the dove.

Thy statutes, Lord, are right and full of joy,
And every word is pure and full of light ;
Thy fear a radiant gem without alloy,
And all Thy judgments true and clothed with
might.

Gold with their splendid lustre doth not shine,
Nor is their sense by honey sweetness known ;
By them the soul observes Truth's rigid line,
And he who keeps them finds the Monarch's throne.

If then, oh Lord, their light be thus divine ;
If thus with keenest ray the heart they try ;
Who, Lord, may know the darkness of the mine,
Which in our soul obscures Thy heavenly sky.

So do Thou cleanse us, Lord, from inmost sin,
From evil known and tried withhold our thought ;
Then strong shall we life's arduous battle win,
Whilst all our works in Thy sweet truth are
wrought.

Then let my words be spoke as seeing Thee,
And all my will Thy holy law desire ;
At Thy dread Name, oh let me bend the knee,
And blend my song with burning Seraph's quire.

VOX DEI.

Give to the Lord, ye mighty ones of Earth,
The glory which is due to strength and power ;
For do they claim a high celestial birth,
'Tis He alone who leads the flying hour.

To Him ascribe the glory of His Name,
And in His holy temple own His might ;
His is the merit of your splendid fame,
By Him alone ye conquer in the fight.

His awful Voice stirs up the watery deep,
What time His thunders shake the lurid air ;
The billows fly before its mighty sweep,
And answering, cry aloud in mystic prayer.

A voice it is of power stupendous high,
And majesty conveyeth in its tone ;
It breaks the cedars towering in the sky,
The trees of Lebanon its moving own.

As leaps the sportive calf in Nature's play,
As bounds the flying stag on spreading plain ;
So do they yield before its mighty way,
Nor can resist the heaving of its strain.

The flames of fire are cleft before its sound,
And heaves the sandy desert as it goes ;
Dim Kadesh trembles to its inmost ground,
And as if struck with horror overflows.

By this strong Voice the hinds give forth their
young,
As in the forest glades it sweeps the air ;
And in His temple are His praises sung,
And all the world is vocal with His prayer.

Upon the raging floods He sitteth King,
And stays the noisy tumult of the wave ;
While foldeth He His saints beneath His wing,
And shows Himself as One that's strong to save.

A SONG OF SOVEREIGNTY.

THE bounteous Earth, oh Lord, is wholly Thine,
Its golden harvests own Thy secret hand ;
Its people, too, with Thy high kindred shine,
As sons of God they share the beauteous land.

For Thou of old didst found it on the seas,
From raging floods upheaved in burning might ;
And showed it fair outspread with verdant leas,
And quenched its darkness with the flow of light.

Who then, oh Lord, shall climb its mountain height,
And touch the hill whereon Thy temple stands ;
Who there may only purge his earth-born sight,
Uplifted high above Time's blinding sands ?

Whose hands are undefiled with lucre's mire,
Whose heart is pure with virgin thought and will ;
Who lifts not up his soul with vain desire,
And swears not by deceit the meek to kill.

Such is the man who climbs this heavenly hill,
And blessing takes from Him who reigneth there ;
Him righteousness from God doth inly fill,
Salvation crowns him with his lofty prayer.

Whose life thus reaches up the shining steep,
With wrestling Jacob conquers in the night ;
With all the just he breaketh forth from sleep,
And to this golden hill directs his flight.

Then lifted be, ye holy temple gates,
Exalted be your everlasting doors ;
The King of Glory at your entrance waits,
With fan in hand to sweep the cumbered floors.

Who know Him not, astounded at His power,
Would be assured who this high King may be ;
'Tis He who's strong in Battle's mighty hour,
At whose dread face His foes shall quail and flee.

Oh gates, then lift ye up your heads on high,
Ye golden doors, be straightened not with time ;
The King of Glory comes adown the sky,
Ye gates, be vocal with the Seraph's chime.

Who is this glorious King, thus girt with might,
That comes at last to take His rightful crown ?
The Lord of hosts, omnipotent in fight,
And none shall stand before His awful frown.

A SONG OF DELIVERANCE.

My light and my salvation is the Lord,
Whom shall I fear when clouds and tempests lour?
My life is strong by His almighty word,
Why should I shrink in dark temptation's hour?

What time the wicked came my life to slay,
By Hell led on with fierce and rancorous hate;
With Cherub's fiery wall He blocked their way,
They fell and stumbled at the burning gate.

And so although a host in mailed array,
With battle's noise should seek my soul to fright;
My foes I'll fearless meet and try the day,
By Him upheld I'll conquer in the fight.

One thing alone attracts mine inner eye,
One sacred hope inflames my yearning soul ;
On wingèd thought I'd climb the towering sky,
And dwell with Him for aye above the pole.

In spirit rapt from lower joys of earth,
In His high temple would I spend my life ;
His beauty then I'd see and learn His worth,
For in this darksome vale is only strife.

When therefore troublous times the world alarm,
And all is cloud and storm o'er land and sea,
Within His tent I'll shelter me from harm,
Upon His secret rock I'll still be free.

Mine head shall lifted be in this dark hour,
With all His saints above the surging wave ;
And in His temple will I praise His power,
And sing how strong is He to bless and save.

Then hear Thou, Lord, when cries the soul to Thee,
And ceaseth not until Thou bend Thine ear ;
For when Thy Spirit called I bent the knee,
And inly said, “ Oh save me by Thy fear.”

Let not Thy face, oh Lord, then hidden be,
In anger turn me not from that sweet light ;
From bitter foes afore Thou’st set me free,
And wilt not leave me now alone with night.

When fail mine earthly parents from my side,
For that the ties of blood no longer hold ;
The Lord His loving heart will open wide,
And with His faithful arms my breast infold.

Then deign, oh Lord, Thyself to lead my way,
And for that many foes my hurt resolve,
Make plain the arduous path from day to day,
And round Thee always let my soul revolve.

Yield Thou me not to their relentless hate,
For lying lips would fain my life destroy ;
With subtle craft they whisper all is fate,
And with a mocking laughter kill my joy.

And so my soul had fainted in the strife,
Had not strong faith upheld my wavering trust,
And Thou hadst stayed the sacrificial knife,
And that I saw Thee raise me from the dust.

So then, ye tempted, wait ye on the Lord,
Let not your courage fail when Hell o'erflows ;
For shall He now His mighty strength afford,
His love expect and He shall slay your foes.

THE FORTRESS OF THE SAINTS.

FIRST STROPHE.

God is the refuge strong of saintly men,
When troubles thicken in the murky air,
When prowl rapacious beasts from murderous den,
He saves them by the lyric might of prayer.

So shall they not be struck with coward fear,
E'en though the earth should stagger from its place ;
Or should the hills be loosed in all the sphere,
And in the sea be hurled with broken face.

Should thus the angry waves be lashed to foam,
And the wild tumult spread from pole to pole,
The saints should swiftly touch the starry dome,
And join by faith the kingdom of the soul.

SECOND STROPHE.

A mystic stream there is from earth withdrawn,
Whose chrystral waters flow with music's voice ;
With banks by Summer crowned with flowery lawn,
A place where saintly sorrow may rejoice.

God's holy city glad this river makes—
It poureth joy as calm and sweet it flows ;
And in the midst His watchful eye awakes,
And soon will save her from her threatening foes.

The heathen raged without its radiant line,
And earthly kingdoms tottered to their fall ;
For sounded through the air His voice divine,
And earth dissolved before His mighty call.

The Lord of hosts His saints doth ever guard,
The storm of battle flies before His face ;
Nor can their hope be slain or comfort marred—
The God of Jacob folds the chosen Race.

THE ANTI-STROPHE.

Come then abroad and see the battle done,
How ruined lie the haughty towers in dust ;
Mark well the victory His arm hath won,
How perished are the pride and pomp and lust.

War ceaseth at His call in all the world,
The bow is broken in the shooter's hand ;
The spear is cleft, the flaunting banner furled,
The chariots burned throughout the astonished land.

“ Be still,” He saith, “ and know that I am God ;
“ The pomp of war hath had its tragic day ;
“ The heathen hence shall know and fear My rod ;
“ I'll lead them in the everlasting way.”

The Lord of hosts is with us day and night,
Along the ages doth He bear our life ;
The God of Jacob is our strength and light,
Our hope and fortress in the times of strife.

MOUNT ZION.

FIRST STROPHE.

ON Zion's hill the power of God is known,
There chief His praises fill the tuneful air,
The holy mountain heaves beneath His throne,
And all the place is sweet with love and prayer.

There high upraised His golden City shines,
The joy of all who beauty know and feel ;
It sheweth to the north its radiant lines,
And soundeth evermore with solemn peal.

On that fair hill His glorious temple stands,
There is He known a refuge from despair,
For lo ! when came the kings with hostile bands,
They gazed—but more thought not to do or dare.

The holy place they saw with awe and fear,
And from its strength recoiled in rapid flight ;
A sudden panic smote both eye and ear,
And pain of her who travails in the night.

The ships of Tarshish, too, assembled near,
Oh Lord, Thou brokest with Thine eastern
wind ;
Withdrew before Thee brandished sword and spear,
Rude force succumbed and owned the King of
mind.

As from our fathers we have learned Thy power,
So have we seen it shown before our eyes :
Thy beauteous City saw the mighty hour,
And shall it stand for ever in the skies.

SECOND STROPHE.

Within Thy holy temple's inner shrine
We've thought, oh God, of all Thy loving care ;
Here have we sweetly pondered things divine,
Here met Thee as afore by Jacob's stair.

And as Thy Name is great from pole to pole,
So in Thy temple is Thy praise confessed ;
Thy righteousness here known to every soul,
Here felt whom blessest Thou alone is blessed.

Let, then, the holy mountain joy in Thee ;
Judæa's virgin daughters, let them sing,
For have Thy judgments made her people free,
And bound them ever closer to their King.

Who Zion love survey the mountain well,
And note the towers which are her strength and life ;
Her mighty bulwarks to your children tell,
Her palaces where come nor fear nor strife.

For He who Zion guards from day to day
Is our high God both now and evermore ;
And shall He guide us in life's thorny way,
Till that He ope the everlasting door.

A SONG OF MOSES.

GREAT Lord, e'en Thou our dwelling-place hast
been,

In every age and clime since Time began,
Before the mountain tops of old were seen—
Ere yet the earth its primal circle ran.

From everlasting Thou art God alone,
To everlasting still Thy throne endures ;
Thy power hath kindled all the starry zone ;
Their ordered march Thy loving grace insures.

And at Thy word man passeth as a cloud,
And kingdoms rise and fall as is their hour ;
And yet again, when criest Thou aloud,
Both he and they return and own Thy power.

For in Thy sight a thousand years of time
Is as the day that fadeth into night,
Or as a watch before the morning chime,
When song arises with the dawn of light.

As with a flood Thou bearest men away,
And as a dreamless sleep they silent lie ;
As grass, indeed, they spring with early day,
At eve, like it, they're cut away and dry.

For by Thy righteous anger are we slain,
And by Thy wrath our soul in anguish dies ;
Our evil ways Thou showest us again ;
Our secret sins are present to Thine eyes.

In Thy dread wrath our days are passed away,
And as a tale that's told our years are fled ;
With seventy suns we mingle with the clay,
And cross the silent threshold of the dead.

And if by strength to fourscore years we mount,
Yet is the strength but toil with grief allied ;
Our life is gone ere we our joys may count,
Ere these will stay, we all have lived and died.

Who, Lord, the might of Thy dread ire may know ?
As is Thy solemn fear Thine anger burns ;
May we, then, count the hours as swift they flow,
And riches keep in Wisdom's golden urns !

Return Thou, then, oh Lord—Thou'rt absent
long—

And fold us to Thy loving heart once more,
And clothe our souls with mercy's matin song,
That we may praise Thee from a lightsome shore.

For days of sorrow give us days of joy ;
For evil years give now the sweet and fair,
And show Thy work where cares no more annoy,
And let our children see Thy love and care.

Yea, let Thy radiant beauty, Lord, appear,
And cause our works to stand which seek Thy face ;
Give yellow harvests and a fruitful year,
And bless at last the sad and stricken Race.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD.

To Thee, oh Lord, my soul would fain ascend,
And yield the homage of her deepest love ;
Yet far away Thy towering heavens do trend,
And have I not to-day the wings of dove.

To Thee I'd come, but Thou art very great,
And clothed with might beyond my thought to hold;
For Thee the light doth weave his robes of state,
While stretchest Thou the cope of blue and gold.

And layest Thou his beams in waters deep,
While makest Thou the clouds Thy fleecy car ;
At Thy command the winds awake from sleep,
And bear Thine awful message swift and far.

Thine angels, too, bright spirits all unseen
By mortal eyes unpurged from mists of time,
Thou sendest evermore adown the sheen,
To bear us upward to the higher clime.

By Thee of old the earth assumed its place,
And stable motion holdeth still to-day ;
At Thy strong word the sea o'erspread its face,
The heavenly waters took the given way.

At Thy rebuke they fled in awe and fear,
And hastened there where Thou hadst set their bound ;
Whilst these first showed the azure fair and clear,
When liftedst Thou to light the darksome ground.

And do they yield by Thee pure limpid springs,
Down-streaming from the hills with murmurous
voice ;
Which show Thy moving in our common things,
And how all creatures in Thy love rejoice.

With these fair streams—when the fierce Dog-Star
burns—

The beasts that roam the fields their thirst allay ;
Not here his vengeful sword the Cherub turns,
But all is joyous as the blue-eyed day.

By them the feathery songsters have their seats,
A bowery paradise of living green ;
Here charm our ear with song in summer heats,
The lyric choirs from out their verdant screen.

The hills He watereth too, as is their need,
The laughing earth displays His bounteous hand ;
By Him the grasses yield their springing seed,
And spreadeth all around a fruitful land.

The generous wine He pours in ample stream,
That men may gladdened be and strong to dare ;
The festal oil attests His sunny beam,
And golden corn-fields tell His loving care.

And trees which Thou hast owned how fair they
show,

The stately cedars with their spreading shade ;
From their tall branches rapturous songs outflow,
While Joy is throned in all the forest glade.

The stork, too, hath her house among the firs,
And gently broodeth in her lonesome seat ;
The wild goat clingeth to the mountain spurs,
The coney leaps the rocks with timid feet.

The silvery moon her going hath from Thee,
Her stately march doth e'er Thine order show ;
The sun, while riseth he and sets as free,
Yet moveth only as Thine ardours glow.

And spreadest Thou the curtain of the night,
And darkness closeth weary eyes in sleep ;
Then creep they forth who shun the glare of light,
Their prey to seize with swift and sudden leap.

The lion roareth for his nightly prey,
And dimly seeketh he his meat from Thee ;
Anon the sun leads up the radiant day,
And to their hiding do they stealthy flee.

Then man upriseth with the morning light,
And plies his daily toil with vigorous hand,
Till woo'd to rest by deepening shades of night,
And Silence keepeth empire in the land.

Oh Lord, Thy works how manifold they be,
In highest wisdom hast Thou made them all ;
The earth how rich and fair and strong and free,
Though inly soundeth Sorrow's plaintive call.

The sea, too, how it shows Thy wondrous might,
Within it hiding countless forms of life ;
There glide the stately ships with grace of light,
While sports behemoth in the swelling strife.

And all Thy creatures wait, oh Lord, on Thee,
That Thou shouldst feed them in the needful hour ;
What Thou dost give them in Thy bounty free,
This gather they though storms and tempests lour.

Thou openest Thine hand and good o'erflows,
And fruitful seasons crown the smiling years ;
But hid Thy face—their life is dark with woes,
And they are smitten with ten thousand fears.

Again Thou sendest forth Thy breath, and lo,
Where Death had passed—new forms of life appear ;
And earth smiles on as erst with sunny glow,
And Song is vocal still in all the sphere.

And shall Thy glory, Lord, for aye endure
Athwart the changing vesture of the world ;
While Joy doth evermore Thine art allure,
And Beauty glideth forth with flag unfurled.

But if Thy piercing eye with fiery glance
This earth affect untempered to the ray,
It moves no more as in harmonic dance—
The hills throw out a veil before high day.

So will I sing, oh Lord, to Thee, sweet Love,
For Thou my soul dost fill with inmost joy ;
Both now and when Thou callest me above,
My swelling song of Thee shall never cloy.

To Him who spreadeth out this Cosmos fair,
And hath inscribed its beauty on my soul—
To Him my thought shall rise infilled with prayer,
While joy free motion hath from pole to pole.

Then let the godless cease or learn to love,
And be by faith united to the Race ;
For blessing needs must aye ascend above,
So sweetly smiles on man His holy face.

THE LORD MY STRENGTH.

BLESSED, oh Lord, be Thou, my strength for aye,
By whom my hands are strong in battle's hour ;
Upheld by Thee I take the conqueror's way,
And doubt defy though darkest tempests lour.

My goodness Thou, and my strong fortress too,
My lofty tower where I am safe from ill,
My shield and secret might to dare and do—
By Thee the people own my kingly will.

Yet what, oh Lord, is man before Thy sight,
That Thou shouldst knowledge take of him to-day ?
A fleeting shadow clinging to the night,
A harp swift broke with Passion's stormy lay.

Man is but weak and vain if left alone,
He passeth as the shade and is not found ;
Yet taketh he by Thee sweet Music's tone,
And walks erect as alien from the ground.

Bow Thou Thine heavens, oh Lord, and come
Thou down ;
Touch Thou the hills and they shall melt and
smoke ;
Let the fork'd lightnings show Thine angry
frown,
And Nature smitten through confess her yoke.

And showing thus Thy power send forth Thine
hand,
And free me from the waves that vex my life ;
My soul is wounded on a foreign strand,
Nor can I grasp in strength the severing knife.

Vain things they speak, these aliens from Thy love,
And all their might is but to lying given ;
Show, Thou, and make that where they seeming
throve,

There must their traitorous deeds be inly riven.

So will I sing to Thee a song all new—
From harp of many strings the psalm shall rise ;
And with the joy I will my life renew,
And soar to greet Thee far athwart the skies.

And shall the song rehearse Thy sovereign might,
How Thou salvation bringeth unto kings ;
And brok'st the hurtful sword in David's sight,
And o'er him spread'st the shadow of Thy wings.

E'en so, sweet Lord, from aliens set me free,
Who utter lies and slaughter all the day ;
Be present with me on the vengeful sea,
And guard my soul when Hell impedes the way.

So shall our sons thus bless'd as plants upgrow,
And bud and blossom in the morn of life ;
So shall our daughters with high beauty glow,
As polished stones that show the artist's strife.

So shall our garners fill with goodly store,
As do the yellow harvests crown the year ;
And sheep shall plenteous crowd around the door
Of them who trust Thy love and own Thy fear.

So, too, our oxen shall be strong afield,
And Peace shall reign supreme in all the place ;
Nor shall our streets portentous murmurs yield,
For Thou shalt own and bless the godlike race.

Thrice happy is the people thus redeem'd,
Thus placed again where Eden had her seat ;
On whom the eye of God again hath beam'd,
And radiance poured where strove their weary feet.

NISI DOMINUS.

SAVE, mighty Lord, our house is built by Thee,
In vain we strive to found a lasting name ;
Our sons but toss upon a stormy sea,
And perish ere they touch the heights of fame.

Save, too, the City in whose strength we trust
Is kept by Thy strong angels in the night,
Its stones are swiftly mingled with the dust,
The watchman wakes, but turns himself to flight.

Oh scheming Thought, in vain thou'st risen soon,
And watchest still adown the fading light ;
Thy bread is gotten 'neath a clouded moon,
Thou'rt held in bonds by Chaos and the Night.

Oh trusting Love, thou tak'st another way,
And hast the balmy sleep to children sent,
So radiant wakest with the dawn of day,
On deeds of loving service aye intent.

And children are the beauteous gift of God,
With Love's high message come they from afar ;
Fair is their blossom as the almond rod,
Their glance is bright e'en as the Morning Star.

As arrows potent are in mighty hands,
And witness bear that Right alone is king ;
So children are the strength of loyal lands,
Peace dwells secure beneath their fostering wing.

And bless'd is he who holds their secret might,
Whose quiver swelleth with their growing power ;
Their truth shall bear him onward to the light,
And shame his foes in the avenging hour.

ARMAGEDDON.

WHAT rage is this that drives the heathen soul,
And stirs the restless crowd with vain desire;
Wild lawless motions shunning all control,
And hurling all abroad keen darts of fire.

The world's great kings, 'twould seem, have
framed a will,
That fain would pluck the Christ from off His throne;
Like maddening counsels all the rulers fill,
While darkness hideth all the starry zone.

Say they in words that poison all the air,
"Let's break the bonds which hold us to His law;"
Thus do they shut the pearly gates of prayer,
Nor see Death hovering near with ravenous maw.

But He who sits majestic throned above,
And knoweth well the issues of the strife,
Shall calmly smile from utmost depths of love,
In that they mock Him thus with gleaming knife.

Swift shall He turn their glory into shame,
And drive the tides of fury whence they sprung ;
For shows He now a new and dreadful Name,
E'en as His prophets long ago have sung.

So in His righteous ire He breaks their way,
And vexes all their life with dark unrest ;
While they unconscious ope eternal day,
And sink as doth the sun adown the west.

“ For have I set my King on Zion’s Hill,”
The spirit cries above their pomp and song ;
A Prince who shall the hungry nations fill,
And give them rest from all their weary wrong.

This day begotten to this royal end,
E'en as Eternal Love had long foreknown ;
The Son but asks as one who prays his friend,
And gifted is with all the Father's throne.

And so poor heathen souls shall see His light,
As they who yearning watch to greet the day ;
In all the earth shall cease the reign of night,
From pole to pole arise a nuptial lay.

But these mad kings who sought His march to hold,
And fain had clutched the greed of earth for aye,
Shall broken be as gathers He His fold,
As shattered vessels shall they fill the way.

Be wise now, therefore, oh ye haughty kings,
Ye judges of the earth meek counsel take ;
Seek ye the covert of His fostering wings,
When now He doth the astonished Nations shake.

Serve this your rightful Lord with childlike fear,
And with the fear let filial joy be blent ;
This high-born Son embrace with utmost cheer,
While yet His awful bow remains unbent.

The Son receive with homage glad and free,
Lest in His wrath He hurl you from His way ;
For bless'd alone are they who bend the knee,
They only taste the sweetness of His Day.

IV.

SYMPHONIES.

“WHEN I AWAKE.”

WHEN in Thy likeness dear, oh beauteous One !
At Resurrection Morn my soul shall wake,
And see Thee calm and fair on golden throne,
And Thou shalt own me for sweet Mercy's sake :

When clad in flowing robes Thou then shalt give,
My soul shall wingèd move as doth the light,
And in Thy conscious Presence ever live,
Nor fear again the coming of the night:

When taint of sin shall vex the life no more,
But pure and holy shall be all the blood,
And Thy long banish'd ones shall tread the shore
That radiant shines afar athwart the flood :

When once again the blurr'd and broken Race,
Long wandering on the mountains dark and cold,
Shall all convergent be to Thy blest face,
And all the sheep shall make one only fold :

When Time's dark waves shall cease their striving
flow,
Loud breaking on a stern and barren strand ;
When Space shall hide no more where Thou dost go
With spreading mantle in a shadowy land :

Oh then, when shall my soul from sleep awake,
And darksome dreams no more shall break its rest,
When with Thy saints I dwell by placid lake,
And sinks the sun no more below the west :

Oh then, when in Thy boundless heavens I wake,
A seed in weakness sown, but raised in might,
And on my soul Thy holy likeness take,
High God of God ! Eternal Light of Light !

Oh then, when seeing Thee e'en as Thou art,
And knowing as my inmost soul is known,
Deep tides of joy shall fill my restful heart,
E'en then when I awake before Thy Throne.

Yes, then, when wakes my soul like unto Thee—
To Thee, the glorious King of Truth and Love ;
Oh then shall blinding Sorrow swiftly flee,
And in my breast shall sing the gentle dove.

Oh then, when I awake in likeness Thine,
And know my former sinful self no more ;
Ah then, sweet Christ ! with Thee I'll drink the
wine—
Bright ruby wine—upon the golden shore.

RACHEL'S PRAYER.

“ OH, give me children or I die,”
Cried Rachel in dim Sorrow’s hour ;
And up the azure strove the sigh,
And storm’d the Heavens with mighty power.

For children of the blood she pray’d,
A princely line to live for aye ;
For this she supplication made,
And saw the line in distant day.

In Vision’s lofty field it shined,
A vast and glorious army grown,
(Its leader Christ, the King of mind,)
In serried ranks around the Throne.

And Rachel's prayer doth still arise,
And never more than now to-day,
When dark and gloomy are the skies,
And Hell doth block the heavenly way.

From inward depths of striving souls
The orison doth wing its flight,
And all the day it upward rolls
And plaintive cries in dreams at night.

For children of the blood and brain
In this great dearth of truth and love,
For children born to live again
It ceaseless rends the Heavens above.

For high-soul'd thoughts and high-bred men
That mighty prayer doth e'er ascend ;
For blessing of the righteous ten
It doth untiring upward wend.

For queenly women, calm and fair,
With Summer and with Autumn crown'd,
E'er wafting music on the air
And shedding fragrance o'er the ground.

For children of immortal birth
Who sprung to life before the sun ;
And are but pilgrims on the earth,
Sojourners till their race is run.

For children sweet and guileless found,
Whose angels see the Father's face ;
Who think no thought nor utterance sound
That does not yearn to fold the Race.

For children striving to be just,
In all the complex web of life ;
Who use the gold as crumbling dust,
And smite the base with flashing knife.

For children meek and ever young,
With whom the Heavens do linger still ;
Who dwell the birds and flowers among,
In realms where is no cloud or chill.

For these the stricken World doth groan,
And Nature joineth in the cry ;
For these the Church doth pray alone,
“ Oh, give me these, or else I die.”

“ WHERE IT LISTETH.”

WHERE it listeth gently breathes the wind,
Dimly stealing from some mystic cave ;
As it willeth softly flows the mind,
Pouring music from its dulcet wave.

Where it listeth freely blows the wind,
Roaming widely o'er the earth and sea ;
As it pleaseth acts at will the mind,
Sailing on the light with motion free.

Where it listeth wildly sighs the wind,
Telling deeply of some tragic ill ;
As it fainteth strongly cries the mind,
Moaning sadly from a darkened hill.

Where it listeth swiftly moves the wind,
Driving fiercely through a stormy sky ;
As it burneth wingèd flies the mind,
Grandly going forth in ecstacy.

Where it listeth darkly steals the wind,
Hiding closely where it wakes and sleeps ;
As it chooseth inly keeps the mind,
Calmly thinking wholly in the deeps.

Where it listeth ever roams the wind,
Leaving of it only vocal trace ;
As it prayeth soars above the mind,
Lifting to the Heavens a new-born face.

“FESTINA LENTÈ.”

OH Man, high spirit, born to live for aye,
And tread the spaces of far worlds unseen ;
Immortal still though Time itself decay,
And inly bound about with golden sheen.

Rich heir to wealth beyond all mortal ken,
To things nor ear hath heard nor eye hath seen ;
Half angel now, a full-orb'd Seraph then,
With soul endow'd high knowledges to glean.

Why fever'd is thy brow with mad desire ?
Why hasteth so thy soul in all the plain ?
Why runneth all thy blood with alien fire ?
Why cometh not reposeful calm again ?

Know'st not how in the Holy Book 'tis writ,
That every spirit strong who holds by faith,
Ne'er thinks or dreams by haste to grow in wit,
So firm his trust in what the Prophet saith.

And e'en the Pagan oracles of old,
By wise observance of the growing years,
Divined the truth with vision clear and bold,
That loss, not gain, doth flow from hurrying fears.

Then hasten slowly, ye who hasten will,
Eternal ages wait your work to see ;
With single eye upclimb the heavenly hill,
And bear it with you there where live the free.

Yes, slowly hasten, thou, oh man of power,
Who king shalt thronèd be in realm of mind ;
Nor fear the time when clouded is thine hour,
And thy high path thy fellows fail to find.

Art conscious in thyself thou'rt strong, dear soul ?
That God hath made thee strong to speak His
Name ?

Then break thou every bond of earth's control,
And leave to meaner men the greed of fame.

The strong, dear soul, the strong do never haste,
But hold by faith that is both calm and sure ;
Know they full well they're lonely in the waste,
Yet know they too their work shall long endure.

So hasten slowly, ye who strength desire,
If that you fain would bless the failing Race,
Let all your haste be that of holy fire,
And Christ shall put His glory on your face.

AN ODE TO THE VIRGIN.

HAIL, Mary, thou of women bless'd ;
E'en thou with brightest glory crown'd ;
My soul hath long thy grace confess'd,
And in thy presence sweetness found.

With thee I've trod Judæa's hills,
And drank the music of its streams ;
And with thy form my memory thrills,
With thee I wander still in dreams.

I see thee as thou walkedst then,
When bow'd the Heavens, and sojourn'd there ;
On wavy plain, in mountain glen,
A beauteous virgin clad in prayer.

The Graces blent thy form to build,
The Muses wrapt thee close with song ;
All peerless in Love's mighty guild,
Thou chiefest art in all the throng.

Hail, Mary, thou of women bless'd,
Whose is the one-begotten Son ;
My soul hath e'er thy love confess'd,
And join'd thee in thine orison.

With thee I've sung from heart of love
The song that breathes His glorious Name ;
With thee on golden wings I move,
Oft as awakes its sacred flame.

Thy Lord and mine with thee I sing,
In love come down to save the Race,
With gifts of healing in His wing,
And radiant beauty in His face.

Thy blushing lowliness I greet,
And all thy tender virgin thought ;
I bow me gently at thy feet,
And pomp of earth do count as nought.

With ages long I count thee bless'd,
And in thee joy as lifted high ;
My soul hath long thy might confess'd,
Exalted in a cloudless sky.

With thee I laud His mercy shown
On them for aye who fear His Name ;
With thee confess His mighty throne,
Wherfrom proceeds the burning flame.

From whose pure heat the proud retire,
And eke the mighty quail in fear,
As not akin to holy fire,
But knit to earthly matter here.

With thee I note the hungry fill'd
With living bread and generous wine,
While all the rich whom love ne'er thrill'd
Are sent away without a sign.

With thee I note His promise kept
Which He afore to Israel swore,
Though long to outward sense it slept,
But now with blessing brimmeth o'er.

With thee high glory e'er I yield
To Father, Son, and Spirit one ;
For aye in all the starry field
The song shall flow in unison.

Hail, Mary, thou of women bless'd,
I greet thee with my heart's deep love ;
My soul hath long thy grace confess'd,
And soon will see thy face above.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

REST thou, oh weary soul, rapt Mozart sung,
Sleep thou as infant on the mother's breast ;
Let dark regrets afar from thee be flung,
The golden hour has come, the hour of rest.

Rest thou, dear soul, from whelming storms of Time,
Whose crested billows long have broke thy sleep ;
Let's haste away and seek the sunny clime,
Where Peace doth rule for aye the upper deep.

With lyre in hand 'gin we to take the flight,
Where Music's presence sweet doth fill the sphere ;
Where interfused she moves in all the light,
And rapturous songs doth sing from year to year.

With lyre in hand we'll climb the lofty stair
That slopeth upward through the dark of night ;
With joyous strains we'll seek the morning air,
And Music shall upbear us in the flight.

Take rest, dear soul, the rest of lyric love,
Deep flowing as the lake of base unfound ;
For Music's joy as peace is known above,
And all the rapture there is Music's sound.

In peace repose, the stilly peace of God,
For Earth no more our stricken heart shall rend ;
Lean thou, my soul, upon His mighty rod,
And boldly fly where doth the spiral wend.

Where the far spiral climbs from deep to deep,
Through lyric choirs ascending evermore,
There let us rise and quit this mortal sleep,
And sing the lofty songs of that blest shore.

And with each wingèd word he struck the lyre,
With mighty hand he struck the quivering strings ;
And knew they well that subtle touch of fire,
And strove to sing in turn celestial things.

And things celestial sounded from the chords,
And still do echo through the realms of space ;
For inmost Passion spake in burning words,
As strove the lyre to soothe the tragic Race.

Of that fair stream the rapturous Music sung,
That floweth out upon th' Eternal Throne ;
Where round about the beauteous rainbow's hung,
Sweet type, how loving is the Holy One !

Of that dear stream there flowing soft and clear,
That maketh glad for aye the saints of God ;
And beauty giveth all in that bright sphere,
While decks its banks the budding almond rod.

Of this great Mozart sung, with soul aflame,
As to his inner eye it shone above,
And strove the pulsing lyre to sound its name,
And show how all the stream is quickening love.

Dear glorious love, unquenchable for aye,
High flowing there with calm and peaceful wave ;
And making heavenliest music all the day,
And giving might to all who in it lave.

“ By that still water, oh my weary soul,
Thou’lt taste anon the sweets of endless rest ;
For going art thou far from earth’s control,
And soon thy wings shall fold in downy nest.

“ To that calm water let us haste away,
And drink deep draughts of peace for evermore ;
For here dim night e’er drowns the struggling day,
And rending Discord cleaves to every shore.

“ To that still water, flowing soft and deep,
God’s angels soon shall bear us through the air ;
Let then high Music wake us out of sleep,
And all our thought and life be lyric prayer.

“ With Music’s joy we’ll climb the airy steeps,
To thrilling sound of lyre the journey make ;
In Music’s flow’ring robe ascend the deeps,
And as we soar the stellar spaces wake.

“ Rest thee, dear soul, I sing to thee of rest,
From broken lights and jarring sounds we go ;
I see the glory failing in the West,
Up to the kindling East we soon shall flow ;

“ Where shineth fair and calm beyond the sun,
The glorious light which no beginning knows ;
And rest remains for all whose race is run,
Where deep and calm that stilly water flows.

“ There, oh my soul, we’re sweetly called away,
Low voices tell it to mine inner ear ;
Arise, dear soul, for breaks Eternal Day,
Why should we walk alone in sorrow here ? ”

“ FAINT YET PURSUING.”

FAINTETH, O Lord, my soul to-night,
For grief hath bruised me all the day,
In vain I struggle to the light,
I cannot reach the quickening ray.

Faint must I wholly be for aye
Unless Thou holdest up my feet
And goest with me in the way,
The darksome way of Satan’s seat.

Faint Thou, dear Christ, the World and I,
We faint beneath a torrid sun ;
Oh, give us wings to touch the sky
And pæans sing for victory won.

Faint are we through the weary year,
The whole Creation groans in pain ;
And darkness lies on all the sphere
Until that Thou be come again.

Faint are the ages, Lord of Might,
High Glory's King for evermore,
Faint have they long been all the night,
When shall Thy feet be on the shore ?

Thy shining feet where Music dwells,
Where Mary knelt in prayer and song,
Where tears are pour'd when Passion swells,
How long, dear feet, how long, how long ?

And yet though faint the World and I,
And sleeps the Church a deadly sleep,
We climb the heights when Thou art nigh,
And fearless tread the stormy deep.

Though faint and weak pursuing still
When sounds Thy voice upon the wave,
And is Thy footstep on the hill,
For Thou we know hast oped the grave.

If faint are we yet Thou art strong,
And loving too and gracious e'er ;
Pursue we then—stay not Thou long,
We wait to see Thee in the air.

If faint and low at midnight hour,
When all the stars with mist are dim,
And cometh not refreshing shower,
O world ! O soul ! let's wait for Him,—

For Him, dear Christ, the strong and true,
Whose chariot wheels I hear, I hear,
Uprise we then and still pursue,
The rosy morning now is near.

The morning without clouds doth come,
I see it rising in the East,
Oh, soon we'll rest in peace at home
With lyric song at marriage-feast.

WITH NIGHT ALONE.

ALONE, alone with dark and solemn night,
Deep hush'd the Sense to Nature's ebb and flow,
All outer sight and sound indrawn with light,
And gentle zephyr only whispering low.

Alone, alone, in silence of the soul,
When stealthy comes the mystic spell of sleep ;
And 'fore the eyes a dreamy mist doth roll,
And spirits weird do haunt the airy deep.

Alone, alone, deep musing all alone,
My stirring thought awake, and bent to know,
All bonds I broke, and walk'd the inner zone,
Where grief and care no gloomy shadows throw.

Alone, alone, I trod the realm of mind,
Far stretching, where no sun or star is seen,
Where reaches not Earth's chill and wailing wind,
Nor minglest e'er its darkness with the sheen.

Alone, alone, in this deep realm alone,
Which seemèd to my soul an awful place,
I sought where flamed afar the burning throne,—
I sought where shone Eternal Beauty's face.

Alone, alone, I wended high my flight,
And pass'd the bounds where Space and Time do
meet,
I soarèd upward ever to the light,
Yet all too weak that glorious face to greet.

Alone, alone, I sped the dreadful way,
While ever as I rose that Face did rise,
Far, far beyond the fount of finite day,
High, high above the arc of astral skies.

Alone, alone, by mighty love upborne,
Yet tremulous and weak with fear untold,
I strove to reach the confines of the bourne
Where shone the light of ruby and of gold.

Alone, alone, I kept the dazzling line,
Though fail'd my sight, ill-temper'd to the ray,
For longed I much to see that Face divine,
Transfiguring with light my mortal clay.

Alone, alone, I bore me high and far,
Strong Faith upholding, as the soul did fall ;
Till rose that light beyond, a glorious Star,
And drew me on with life-inspiring call.

Alone at last, no longer with the night,
My soul, as weary child on mother's breast,
Her wings did fold upon that gentle light,
And slept as doth the bird in downy nest.

Alone at last no longer in the deep,
For kingly Christ that Star did fill the place ;
I saw, and loved Him in that balmy sleep,
I woke, and on me shone His Holy Face.

THE KING OF GLORY.

HIGH Glory's King art Thou, O Christ, for aye !
My soul confesses none but only Thee ;
Or here below, or 'yond the realm of day,
Thee, Thee I seek in every land and sea.

High Glory's King art Thou, O Christ, the strong !
My soul Thy might hath found in Sorrow's gloom ;
My feeble steps Thy love hath aided long,
And Thou shalt bear me up beyond the tomb.

High Glory's King art Thou, O Christ, the true !
Thy faithfulness I've known through all the night ;
Thou show'st me what to seek, and what eschew,
And clothest Thou my soul in robes of light.

High Glory's King art Thou, O Christ, the fair !
In all the starry dome there's none like Thee ;
Thou'rt Light in light, and fragrance in the air,
Thou'rt beauty in the flower that decks the lea.

High Glory's King art Thou, O Christ, the young !
And giftest Thou Thy saints in youth to grow,
To speak again with childhood's guileless tongue,
And lilies cull where stilly waters flow.

High Glory's King art Thou, O Christ, great knight !
Thou coverest mine head in battle's hour,
When faint and low Thou girdest me for fight,
And crownest me with joy when battle's o'er.

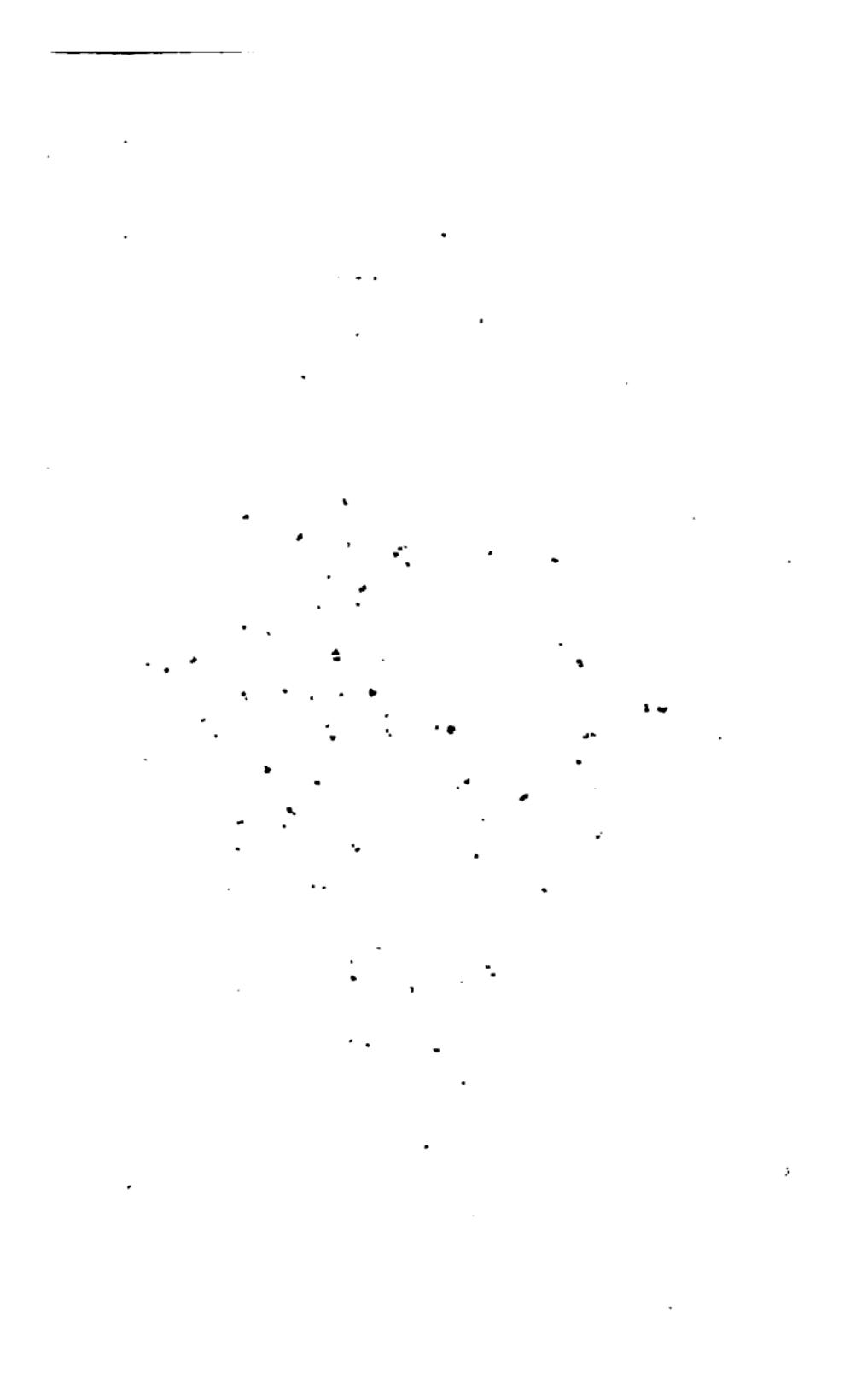
High Glory's King art Thou, Thou first and last,
Afore the birth of morn—dim eve beyond,
Thou bringest golden corn from out the waste,
And bindest all the sheaves with Love's sweet bond.

High Glory's King art Thou from age to age,
Thy saints know only Thee adown the years ;
High Priest for aye, and Holy Prophet sage,
They follow Thee, borne high beyond their fears.

High Glory's King art Thou, O Christ, dear Love !
Of myrrh thy garments smell and cassia sweet ;
With Thee in dewy meads thy children rove,
And by calm waters sit afore Thy feet.

High Glory's King art Thou, dear Lamb of God !
Thou bear'st our weary sins as though Thine own,
Fell hate doth smite Thee with th' oppressor's rod,
Yet liftest Thou the Race to share Thy Throne.

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